

SLINGSHOT

WE
HAD
IT
ALL
&
USED
IT
UP.

FWO33!

issue #130

ALL FALL DOWN



SKINGSHOT



BEING WATER in HONG KONG

加油!
香港!

artist perspectives from
a people's uprising

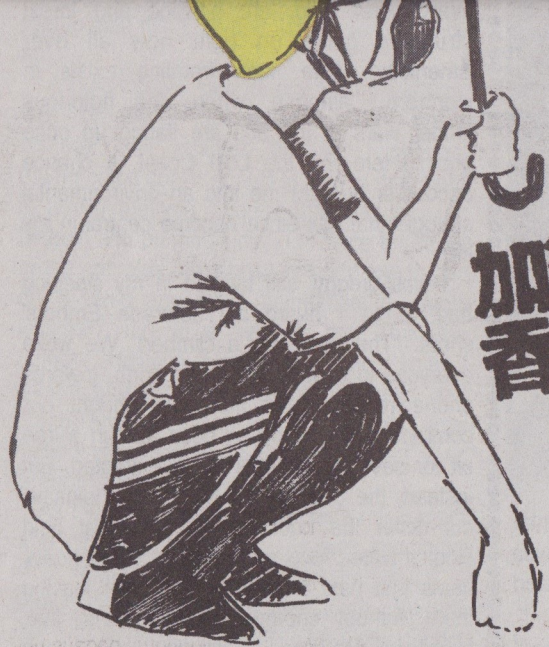
By Michael Leung

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to put
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CLIMATE STRIKE!

By Jesse D. Palmer

The Global Climate Strikes by millions of people have been amazing — yet they are really just a start. Business as usual cannot continue — we're on a suicide course. To achieve change equal to the scale of the unprecedented ecological emergency we are facing requires sustained organizing, mobilization, social pressure, collective



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WATER in HONG KONG

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a people's uprising

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In mid-September I met friends at Lok Fu metro station at 7:30 pm, and together with thousands of other people, we started a 495-metre (1624-foot) ascent up Lion Rock — a lion-shaped mountain that overlooks Hong Kong. Due to the narrow paths, some of which only allowed one person to enter at a time, for most of the evening we were queuing up chatting with new friends, shouting slogans, singing songs and wondering how much further we had to go. We arrived at the peak at 3 am, to an atmosphere of celebration, body odour and fatigue.

I rested somewhere on the Lion's back and

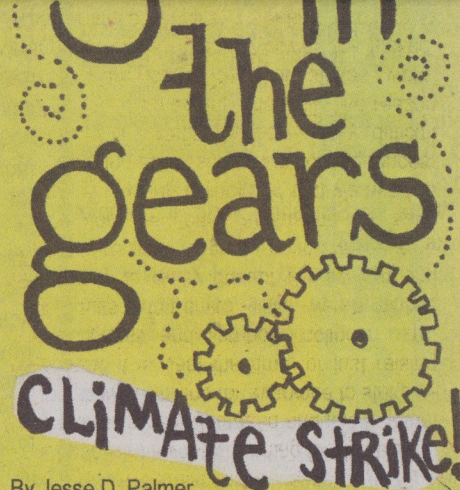
looked at the lasers beaming from those people on top of the Lion's head. It brought me back to August 7 when an impromptu party was organized in response to off-duty police officers arresting a Student Union member for purchasing ten laser pointers a day before. Lasers have played a key part in the anti-extradition movement: identifying police and agitators, obscuring CCTV and police cameras, and for entertainment—often illuminating government buildings.

In February 2019 the Hong Kong government proposed amending the Extradition Bill to include China, Macau and

Taiwan (at present it includes 20 countries). The murder of a Hong Kong pregnant woman named Poon Hiu-wing, by her boyfriend Chan Tong-kai in Taiwan, was used to justify the government's proposed amendment (their "Trojan Horse") because Hong Kong does not currently have extradition agreements with Taiwan.

The proposed bill amendment alarmed people in Hong Kong because it allows extraditees to bypass public inspections by the Legislative Council (Hong Kong's

Continued on Page 12



By Jesse D. Palmer

The Global Climate Strikes by millions of people have been amazing — yet they are really just a start. Business as usual cannot continue — we're on a suicide course. To achieve change equal to the scale of the unprecedented ecological emergency we are facing requires sustained organizing, unrelenting social pressure, collective creativity and openness to dramatic systemic and culture change.

No matter who you are, its time to get over your despair, paralysis, blame-shifting, self-doubt and instead focus on the overwhelming task at hand. Big protests are fine but we need to rapidly translate them into real changes to cut fossil fuel emissions to zero — which is overwhelming because everything about our lives involves burning fossil fuels.

The strikes were youth-led and it is key that the youth were asking for *everyone* to strike — they know it is past the time for just raising consciousness and symbolic actions. Yet most adults didn't strike, which was a missed opportunity to really disrupt the system and change direction. At some point, we have to decide that at least attempting to save ourselves is worth a shot and that we need to stop worrying about short-term consequences.

Striking is a radical tactic — risky, difficult and for those up against the wall. The reason strikes were called is that strikes work. Without workers, those in power are fucked. When a strike is called, it means "don't go to work" — and it may ruin your day, be scary, cause you to lose pay, and disappoint or piss off your bosses, students, clients, customers, co-workers and family.

But is it more reasonable to just keep doing your work? If human society goes extinct,

DECRIMINALIZE NATURE

By Alex Star

On Tuesday, June 4th, 2019, after fifty years of federal prohibition, the Oakland City Council unanimously voted to decriminalize all plants and fungi currently listed on the FDA Schedule 1 list. This list includes literally hundreds of species of plants and fungi known to have,

Entheogen

metre (1624-foot) ascent up Lion Rock — a lion-shaped mountain that overlooks Hong Kong. Due to the narrow paths, some of which only allowed one person to enter at a time, for most of the evening we were queuing up chatting with new friends, shouting slogans, singing songs and wondering how much further we had to go. We arrived at the peak at 3 am, to an atmosphere of celebration, body odour and fatigue.

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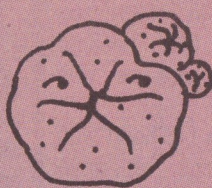
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On Tuesday, June 4th, 2019, after fifty years of federal prohibition, the Oakland City Council unanimously voted to decriminalize all plants and fungi currently listed on the FDA Schedule 1 list. This list includes literally hundreds of species of plants and fungi known to have, either alone or in combination, profound spiritual and visionary effects when ingested by homo sapiens. This list includes the best known and most powerful substances: Ayahuasca, DMT, Psilocybin Mushrooms, Iboga, and Peyote Cactus.

All the plants and fungi included in the decriminalization measure passed by Oakland City Council are what activists have termed "entheogens", a word which shares the same root as the word "enthusiasm" and essentially means "that which insights divinity or the divine experience". You may already be aware of the sacred medicines Ayahuasca and Psilocybin Mushrooms, but are probably more familiar with the more commonly used word "psychedelics". "Psychedelic" is a catch-all term describing substances with profoundly expansionary impacts on human consciousness. However, activists responsible

Entheogen measure
passes in oakland



i teach

i heal



for the measure passed on June 4th, felt the word "entheogen" to be more correct and also more palatable to the common person.

The power of the word "entheogen" is that it is a clear slate from which to have the conversation regarding their use.

"Decriminalization" effectively means that, while entheogenic plants and fungi are still federally illegal, the City of Oakland has

decided that the City itself, including the police department, will expend zero time, money, or resources in the prosecution of people for possessing, distributing, or growing any of the listed plants and fungi.

We live in a society which seems utterly intent on destroying our own planetary ecosystems to the extent that human life can

Continued on Page 14

and culture change.

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Striking is a radical tactic — risky, difficult and for those up against the wall. The reason strikes were called is that strikes work. Without workers, those in power are fucked. When a strike is called, it means "don't go to work" — and it may ruin your day, be scary, cause you to lose pay, and disappoint or piss off your bosses, students, clients, customers, co-workers and family.

But is it more reasonable to just keep doing your work? If human society goes extinct, your bank account won't matter. We won't get a second chance.

Ecological collapse — of the oceans, the birds, the bugs, the crops, the forests — is in progress and it eclipses everything. All our social justice goals are on the verge of becoming impossible as we slide towards crop-failure, famine, mass-migration, scarcity wars, and other social consequences of climate collapse.

We desperately need new terminology. "Climate change" is far too passive and lacks urgency. Climate change implies that the climate just happens to be changing. But the real issue is that by digging up and burning billions of tons of fossil fuels — emitting 100 million tons of CO2 every day¹ — human

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SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

It's hard to not see life as an uphill battle, especially when your peers are all pushing a similar boulder up their neighboring hills.

Creating this issue has been a particularly interesting struggle for the few members of the *Slingshot* collective. Many of us spent the last few weeks involved in the global climate strike. Out on the streets we protested business as usual, demanding an immediate just transition from fossil fuels, and aimed to call attention to the climate emergency. We pushed the deadline back in an attempt to cover all that, but the mix of disappointment and joy we felt during the strikes is hard to understand fully or convey.

At the midnight hour, burnt out on articles not addressing the state of emergency, facing our own entanglement in the climate disaster, we are still left wondering if this issue is even worth its carbon footprint. Questions like:

"How good does it have to be to justify using resources like trees and fuel during production?"

"Are there other things that *Slingshot* could set its mind to that would be more useful in the long run?"

Lastly, "What is *Slingshot* worth to people outside our bubble?"

The stuckness rippled when a collective member suggested to focus not just on the result but also on the possibilities to learn in the process.

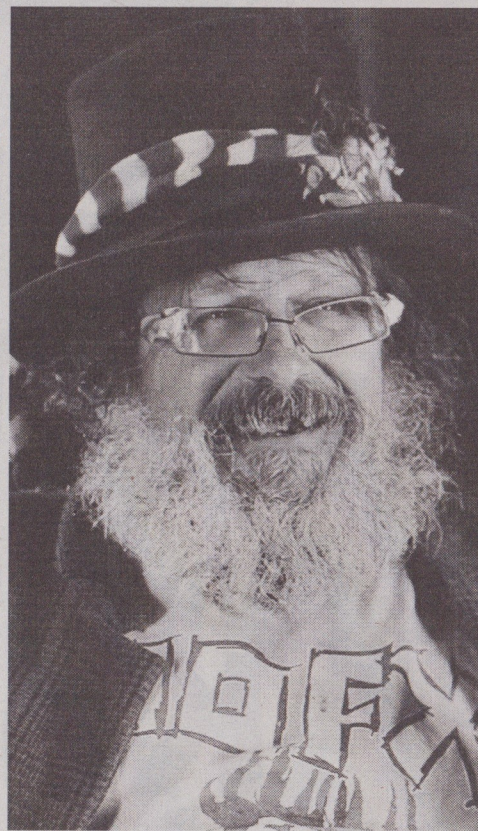
Slingshot has, for awhile now, also been struggling with quality of content — wishing we could publish articles that offer exceptional clarity and insight. In this age of information overload, adding to the white noise will not help. Is it ridiculous to presume that *Slingshot* truly makes a difference? Reading radical lit has been transformative for many of us. We dream of publishing issues full of articulate, thoughtful pieces, but we can hardly get out of bed each day. Meanwhile, massive

Michael Diehl

1955 — 2019

Michael Diehl — a proud Berkeley wingnut in the finest way — was hit by a car and killed September 29. His death leaves a huge gap in the world and hundreds of friends in tears. Michael lived life totally on his own terms devoted to freedom, art, music and the underdog. He had a unique style which he applied in a variety of counter-cultural contexts — the Berkeley Free Clinic, 924 Gilman Street, People's Park, OTO temple / Thelema Lodge where he was a priest, as a DJ at Free Radio Berkeley and Berkeley Liberation Radio, as a wise and calming street-level mental health healer, an artist, a resident of several alternative households including Oz house, stalwart of Berkeley Mardi Gras and a most remarkable dancer. He wrote and did art for *Slingshot* and he was a frequent presence at the Long Haul where *Slingshot* has its office. In 2006 *Slingshot* awarded Michael the Golden Wingnut award for Lifetime Achievement. (see Issue#90) When asked why he deserved it he quipped "Because I'm crazy."

Around Berkeley the term wingnut applies to odd people and it can be both loving and a putdown. Michael was the good kind of wingnut. He was humble and giving to others and the community. Born in Massachusetts in 1955 where he was too young to be a Hippie but felt the sea change. He had a short stint at Antioch College where he was a part of a Gestlat Group and earned the nick name "Dancing Bear." He moved to the Bay in 1977



the poor, homeless and those with mental issues and in the throes of a crisis. He was good at it because those on the streets related to him as one of their own.

Michael lived in a complex stew of opposites. Spiritual yet intellectual. Anarchist



In September young people all over the world took to the streets, striking, rallying, and demanding that politicians acknowledge and address the climate catastrophe that we are facing. And their demands are real: yes, we need those in power to make change — but they aren't moving fast enough, and meanwhile species are going extinct every day. What do we do in the meantime? We go to the climate frontlines. And the frontlines are everywhere: there are pipeline and forest struggles going on right now all over Amerikkka. One such frontline exists in Northern California, where the notorious timber wars of the 90s are flaring up once again. Here, on the Lost Coast, a chance encounter brought me into an environmental struggle that has since become central in my life.

I was groggy, still tangled in my sleeping bag, when I heard my comrade Embers' shout. "They sent up a climber!" We woke everyone in camp and hurried north, towards phone reception. At first, we thought our comrade Rook, who had been aloft in a tree sit for seven days, was being extracted. But instead, the climber, armed with a chainsaw, cut down the buckets and jugs that held Rook's water, food and gear, dropping heavy items just past their head and then leaving them without enough supplies to survive. Humboldt Redwood Company (HRC), the corporation that had taken over the

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Making the issue creates a unique context for people to meet, hangout and create together. Which sometimes feels sufficient justification to keep the project going. It is fun as well as exhausting and frustrating — but for sure different than regular life.

Even if you don't think of yourself of a writer, consider authoring a piece for Slingshot. The best articles are about a subject the author is directly engaged in.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers, translators, distributors, and critical thinkers to make this paper. If you send an article, please be open to editing.

We're a collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Alina, Dov, eggplant, Elke, Fern, Hannah, Isabel, Jesse, Jules, Kat, Nyx, Rachele, Star, Sylvia, Talia, Tybalt, and all the authors and artists!

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

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Michael was an activist and founder or core-member of several community projects that directly address the damage created by capitalism. He started the Peer Counseling Collective which provides alternative mental health services through the Berkeley Free Clinic. He was an early proponent of Radical Mental Health. He was a compassionate listener not only during office hours but on all fronts. A lot of his street-level activism was for



the poor, homeless and those with mental issues and in the throes of a crisis. He was good at it because those on the streets related to him as one of their own.

Michael lived in a complex stew of opposites. Spiritual yet intellectual. Anarchist yet civically involved. His deep fascination with Tibetan Buddhism, Wicca, Paganism was tempered by a daily reading of the NY Times.

In the late 1980's he joined the all-ages, volunteer run punk club 924 Gilman when it first opened. He joined the art committee painting murals on the blank walls but quickly found himself as the Head coordinator for a two year stint. He worked to make it a space more than just for entertaining people. He helped make it a collective and a non-profit. He fought off abuse from Nazi Skinheads and when YUPPIE neighbors and the city wanted to close Gilman down, Michael helped organize 150 punks to show up to the city zoning commission meeting. He also brought his gentle touch to the club making it welcoming to people who didn't fit in. He would put on art shows and book unusual music and he constantly made iconic cut & paste fliers that were plastered all over town. The club was under financial hardships at the time of his watch so he responded by holding a magic ritual to make the club solvent. Not only is Gilman still here today but "100 clubs bloomed" globally as Michael proposed in one of his manifesto fliers.

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For 20 years, forest defenders have put their bodies on the line to protect the Mattole watershed place, the ancestral home of the people now known as the Mattole and one of the last remaining areas of unlogged, mixed hardwood and Douglas fir forest in the bioregion.

The Mattole river winds through some of the most rugged terrain on the west coast, meeting the Pacific Ocean just south of Cape Mendocino, the westernmost point in California. Just offshore lies the convergence of three tectonic plates, making the area incredibly geologically unstable. Landslides dot the steep hillsides, and the crests of the ridges are painted with natural open prairies, a legacy of traditional fire management.

The state water board lists this as an impaired watershed, attributing the Mattole's heightened temperatures and sediment loads to logging and road building upstream. Four



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Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on Sunday, December 8th, 2019 at 7 pm at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 131 by January 1st, 2020 at 3 pm.

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The figure on the cover is the current atmospheric concentration of CO₂. The figure is expressed in parts per million (ppm) and goes up and down seasonally about 10 PPM over the year.

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Michael did a series of benefit shows in support of People's Park activists facing a frivolous lawsuit by University of California and never stopped defending the Park against development. He worked with Copwatch as well to try to limit the police abuse he saw on the streets that he knew so well.

Michael was a DJ for unlicensed Free Radio Berkeley 104.1 FM in 1995, and continued as a DJ when FRB became Berkeley Liberation Radio where he was known as DJ Adversary.

"Michael was a man with a big heart who had few earthly possessions yet gave constantly of his time and effort to help others. He was a soulful socialist who lived his life in an uncompromising way true to a heartfelt revolutionary joy.

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The state water board lists this as an impaired watershed, attributing the Mattole's heightened temperatures and sediment loads to logging and road building upstream. Four decades ago, Mattole Valley residents recognized the declining salmon populations and began salmon monitoring and habitat restoration, and now, salmon populations are finally growing. Since HRC took over PL's holdings in 2006, the forested ridges of the Mattole headwaters have seen four summers of aerial road blockades, tree sits, lockdowns and work disruption in opposition to HRC's logging and herbiciding.

In 2014, when HRC began logging in the first of two contentious timber harvest plans (THPs) on Long Ridge, forest rebels began a several-month-long road blockade that prevented them from working there for the rest of the year. In response to broad local opposition to the plans, HRC cancelled hundreds of acres slated to be cut. Hell yeah!

In 2017, forest defenders discovered that HRC was killing native tanoaks and madrones with herbicides on Long Ridge, and blockaded





the road again, preventing access for the rest of the dry season. HRC had to file extensions on their logging plans, admitting that the resistance had kept them from getting work done.

During the fall of 2017, with only two years left to complete work under their plan, HRC got desperate. They submitted a plan to build a new road – literally just to get around the blockade site. The road would have destroyed a sensitive wetland and beautiful grove of ancient Bay laurel trees, but a flurry of public comments and the threat of direct action forced them to cancel the road proposal in the spring.

Meanwhile, in the backwoods, a plucky forest defender, Rook, had climbed into the canopy on Long Ridge, weaving a net between the branches of an ancient Douglas fir slated to be cut as part of a road construction project. The guards immediately set up camp under the massive fir, watching Rook at all hours. It was only a week into the tree sit when the guards sent their climber up to steal Rook's supplies. When we heard, we stormed HRC's office.

The following Monday, we were ready. Again, before dawn, forest defenders had arrived, and the goons found a 30 foot ladder blocking the main gate, with a forest defender

mounting community pressure, HRC told their goons to give Rook small amounts of processed food and water.

While all this was going on, another forest rebel, Pascal, climbed a threatened ancient Douglas fir on the other side of the ridge. Pascal endured similar treatment – goons harassing them and keeping a close watch to prevent ground support from coming close, and chasing and arresting them when they finally did descend.

Over the course of the summer, four forest defenders were arrested in the woods, nine in town, and three received citations during roughly two dozen actions. Forest defenders ranging in age from 24 to 87 locked their bodies to cattle grates, to gates, to bicycles and to each other. A forest defender locked themselves to the machinery being used to build the road around Rook's tree. Elders, veterans of the Headwaters struggle, came out and put their bodies on the line, turning

headwaters of the upper north forks of the Mattole. Meanwhile, on the neighboring Monument and Bear River ridges, a greenwashed company is pushing a massive wind farm that will threaten wildlife habitat and sacred sites of the indigenous Wiyot people. This is yet another false solution to climate change, and Wiyot officials, local residents, and environmental groups have already come out in opposition to the project.

Recently a veteran forest defender mused to me that in this work, all our victories are temporary and our losses are permanent. That certainly feels to be the case on Long Ridge, where the entire south side of the ridge is marred by fresh slash piles, skid trails and stumps, still fragrant with the sap the Doug firs exude to heal their wounds. Mattole defenders are mourning as we gather ourselves for the next battle. As we humbly continue this struggle now in its third generation, continuing to fight for what was left out of the 1998 Headwaters Agreement, we have to recognize that this is a different time.

People all over the world are rising up to call attention to this climate crisis. The science dictates our priorities: the carbon sequestration value and biodiversity of late seral forests makes their protection an imperative. At the same time, the emotionality of it – to fall in love with a ridge and a river so deeply that you are compelled to put yourself in the path of those who seek to destroy it – is

"Our victories are temporary and our losses are permanent"
– Alicia Littletree

The summer of 2018 saw a third blockade, and this time HRC escalated. They sent in private security guards from Mendocino county-based Lear Asset Management, who raided the blockade, threatening forest defenders with tasers, harassing blockaders

dangling at the top. This must have been a bit much for them, because they called the Humboldt County Sheriff. The sheriffs showed up and immediately ordered those on the ground to move, contradicting the property lines that the goons had pointed out. When



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"Our Victories are temporary and our losses are permanent"
– Alicia Littletree

The summer of 2018 saw a third blockade, and this time HRC escalated. They sent in private security guards from Mendocino county-based Lear Asset Management, who raided the blockade, threatening forest defenders with tasers, harassing blockaders and messing with aerial lifelines. Three folks were arrested. Curiously, HRC didn't begin logging after the blockade was down, instead paying the security guards to sit around on the ridge for several months doing nothing. Avoiding the goons proved to be an entertaining diversion for forest defenders scouting during that period.

In November, the guards finally packed up and left, and promptly afterward, Sierra Pacific Industries (SPI), another multi-death corporation, showed up to log their slice of the pie, clear cutting dozens of acres that they "own" on the north side of Long Ridge. Forest defenders scrambled to respond, setting a tree sit and slash piles, and engaging with workers on the ground. They were able to stall SPI contractors, who fled the coming rain, leaving marketable logs behind.

This spring, forest defenders discovered the security guards had returned, once again desecrating a historic indigenous village site on Rainbow Ridge by parking their camper trailers, port-a-potties, and ATVs there. Then, on June 6, 2019, HRC contractors started falling trees. Because HRC and CalFire have repeatedly failed to publish necessary documents on time, the community only knew that work had begun because of forest rebels' diligent monitoring.

And HRC was disregarding stakeholder concerns outright. During the summer of 2018, a year prior, Mattole valley residents had filed a grievance with the "sustainable" timber

dangling at the top. This must have been a bit much for them, because they called the Humboldt County Sheriff. The sheriffs showed up and immediately ordered those on the ground to move, contradicting the property lines that the goons had pointed out. When folks started to move, the two deputies lunged at and arrested three folks, the first two of which had cameras and were documenting the action. The deputies fractured one person's rib and bloodied their face.



grandmothers blockade, June 25 2019

away log trucks. Forest defenders disrupted work in the woods. Many dozens of people rallied at gates into the area, performing theatre, playing music, and speaking out. Folks took over CalFire's office, stormed HRC's office on multiple occasions and kept returning to block the road to the Long Ridge timberlands and the entrance into HRC's

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And HRC was disregarding stakeholder concerns outright. During the summer of 2018, a year prior, Mattole valley residents had filed a grievance with the "sustainable" timber certifiers Forest Stewardship Council (FSC), contesting HRC's FSC certification, and HRC had yet to address the demands required by that grievance process. The community was outraged, and the next Monday morning, security guards showed up to the main gate before dawn to find four septuagenarian residents of the Mattole valley, the same folks who had filed the FSC grievance the year before, blocking the gate with their bodies – and an accordion! They refused to stand down and were arrested.

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Rook remained aloft for two months all in all, witnessing from the canopy as the road building crew worked right up to their tree, then constructed the road around them and continued down the hill. They watched the trees downhill from them get hauled out. A Sonoma red tree vole, a tiny rodent that is an indicator species for old growth Douglas fir, moved into their bedding. They watched the goons, who maintained a 24 hour presence under the tree. On two separate occasions, forest rebels brought food and water, and the security guards chased them, arresting one, to prevent resupply. Finally, one rascal was able to sneak past guards and deliver supplies and a tarp just before rain. Eventually, because of

away log trucks. Forest defenders disrupted work in the woods. Many dozens of people rallied at gates into the area, performing theatre, playing music, and speaking out. Folks took over CalFire's office, stormed HRC's office on multiple occasions and kept returning to block the road to the Long Ridge timberlands and the entrance into HRC's sawmill.

When Rook descended on August 5, HRC execs mentioned that the tree they had occupied would remain – until HRC's next round of logging in the area. At this time, the beautiful grove that Pascal defended also stands. In early September, HRC filed completion on their THPs, meaning that no more work will happen within these plans. But they have already pushed the next THP through the approval process – this one in the

oneself in service to keeping intact ecosystems whole, and healing those that are broken.

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Earth First! Humboldt, which supports forest defense in the Mattole watershed, needs your support! Come to Humboldt and join us in the woods, donate to help us cover campaign and legal expenses, or plan a solidarity action or benefit event in your area!

Contact us to plug in: efhum@riseup.net
Stay in the loop: Instagram @blockade.babes
and savethemattolesancientforest.com



Nobody Left Behind

by REYOLT.

THOUGHTS FROM A
DISABLED ACTIVIST...!

Quality versus quantity, it's one of those questions for the ages, isn't it? Occasionally it's something we take for granted, since our unconscious force of habit can steer us towards one or the other, without us ever really thinking about it. But in the case of activism and philosophy this can mean life or death; inclusion or seclusion; progress or defeat.

Let me begin by coming clean with you: I use a wheelchair. It's not something I brag about, especially when I have the luxury of hiding behind this keyboard to disguise my "secret identity." For most people, being disabled is a real drag. People look at me at the supermarket like I'm a circus freak. My landlord is furious at my requests for access accommodations to get into my unit. And dating? Hah! I haven't been on a date in years.

As one long-time disability advocate told me, we (disabled people) are just a waste of resources. We take up space, money, and time. And what sane person would ever want to give any of *those* away?

We are seen as broken, useless, sick, and dependent. Under capitalism, we are especially loathed as non-workers who do not contribute to the production of commodities, progress, or exploitation for profit by the capitalist. We are *hard to exploit*, dammit! Instead, we require valuable resources that could be lining the cashmere pockets of industry fat cats. We are an extra few tanks of fuel for the private jet, down the drain. Another dinner soirée that was never to be. Taxes that

press swept through Europe in the middle of the 15th century. This revolutionary invention spread secular curiosity and, along with the changing political climate of the rising merchant class, new ideas began to seep into the collective consciousness of the people. Artists began to emerge with a greater mastery of the brush; Leonardos and Raphaels were to study and create the masterpieces we still know today. The great sculptures by Michelangelo chiseled into existence, spurred on by the Arabic translated texts of the Ancients. And from these bore the great moral and political philosophers like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, Karl Marx, and countless others who fed the increasingly voracious appetites for knowledge and different ways of thinking. The concept of courtly love - a love defined not by *birthright* and *status*, but by *free will* - emerged within the aristocracy as well. To love and be loved,

name implies, is also the birth of human *value*: one that is dependent upon only one factor: being a member of the human race.

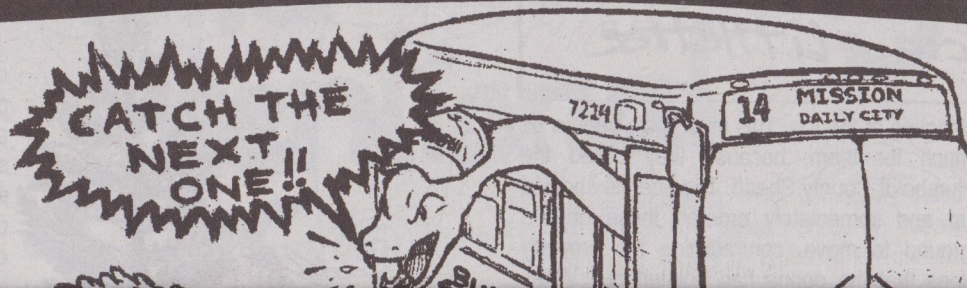
For the past three or four hundred years we have been fighting to exist in a society that struggles to see us as fully human, as fully deserving of life and happiness. We had a major victory in the USA in 1990 when we fought alongside AIDS activists for our right to ride on buses, enter businesses, access public bathrooms, and to have options outside of institutional living. National heroes like Ed Roberts and the Rolling Quads fought for visibility and self-worth amidst a sea of bigotry and abuse. Massive gains came through the passage of the American with Disabilities Act: the lifeblood of the contemporary American Disabilities movement. Without the brave work of our LGBTQ comrades, without their unfathomable sacrifice, courage, and loss in the wake of a devastating disease, Congress

there, it's a token word at best, never to be taken up with serious purpose for actual changes in organizing.

That's a significant problem, because the disability movement is one of the only movements that struggles to be visible for *itself*. If you can't move out of bed, how are you supposed to protest? If you're eating all of your meals through a tube and you're having seizures each day, how are you supposed to write letters or phone bank? The simple truth is, at the end of the day, we need able-bodied people to defend us as well. We need our comrades to be there for us, to value the *quality* over the *quantity*. To help us feel welcomed and feel that our lives matter.

If you decide to engage with us, you might be surprised at what you find in return. Because disabled people have a no-bullshit realism that is critical for organizing, and we can offer things that the ableists could never dream of. The creativity and artwork of the disabled community is beautifully vulnerable and unique, and our ability to help with survival in "domestic" struggles of air quality, injuries, stress, mental health, burnout, depression, nutrition, medicines, and more is staggeringly effective. We are also more visible when we can protest and, if you help us get there, our powerchairs make a *damn* good blockade ;)

But the disability movement isn't just segregated physically. It is also segregated politically into the tepid waters of reformist policy making. And while we need changes in policy *now* for our immediate survival, we also



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It's no wonder why under most totalitarian regimes such as those of Mussolini and Hitler, we were the first to be executed, or, to put it more politely: cut from welfare and left to die. The crippled and disabled have no use in a fascist or even a capitalist state. President's State of the Union speeches are quick to attack the so-called bloated and broken systems of Medicare and Medicaid while espousing our military's prowess with the very next breath.

So...why are we here? Why wasn't I killed off a long time ago? It's an interesting question, and not one that I have all the answers to. From what I understand of history though, it has very much to do with one very important movement: The *Humanist* movement.

Prior to the Renaissance and the Enlightenment movement of the 19th century, humanism and moral philosophy barely existed in Europe. Most of the public delighted in the spectacle of public executions and the torture of the weird and different. They supported the Crusades, the Witch-hunts, the "conquests" of

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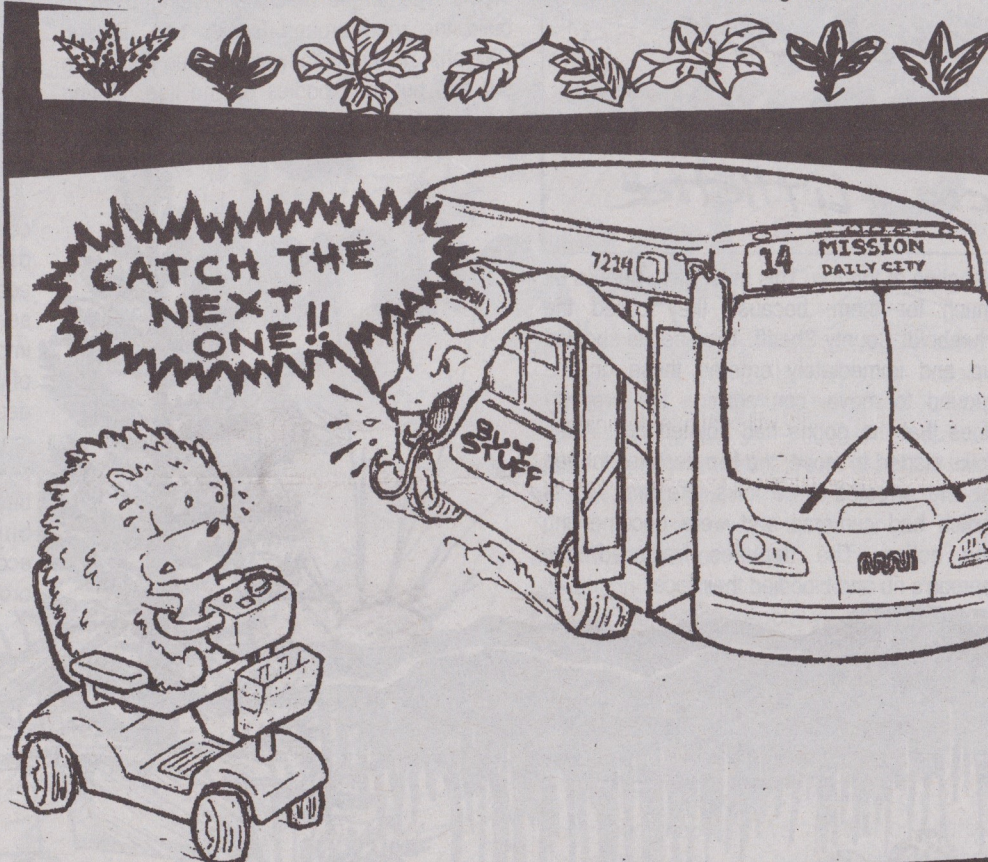
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But the disability movement isn't just segregated physically. It is also segregated politically into the tepid waters of reformist policy making. And while we need changes in policy *now* for our immediate survival, we also reside there because radical activist communities shun us as ineffective dead weight. It can be a strange, almost twilight zone experience sometimes, seeing Republicans speak up for my survival more than the freedom-loving, oppression-smashing Anarchist collective down the street. But it goes to show that human value doesn't know a party line, and meaningless catch-phrases can be espoused by *anyone*.

The question for us now is - Quality or Quantity? Inclusivity or Productivity? For those of us in the disability movement, it may be a matter of both. One of our common expressions is "no body left behind," spelled in such a way as to remind us that all physical beings have value and are worthy of resources. And while you might be calculating just how many flyers you can get out to how many bicyclists that will post how many tweets to get how many bodies at how many marches, you might consider taking a deep breath, a step back, and a new approach. Because a "march" of ten rolling crips can be

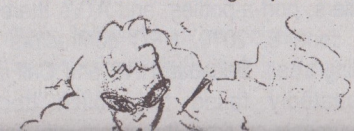


to create art for the benefit of humanity, to question the order of the cosmos and the laws of States; these activities defined a population of reinvention and self-discovery.

We activists tend to place too much emphasis on revolutions of nations and production, while wholly forgetting the revolution of humanist thought. The

and the President would have never, ever, ever signed so many rights of disabled people into law. It was a wonderful example of the last generation coming together to work for a common goal.

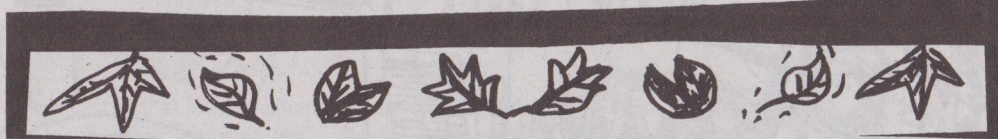
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But disability rights today are seen very differently in the activist community. For many radical activists fighting for systemic change, we are simply a burden. Can you phone bank? Can you come down to our [inaccessible] office to make flyers? Can you "bottom line" this event? That's a no, no, and no. And so it becomes a question of Quantity over Quality. Activists are always calculating resources, and disabled people are bad use of those limited, precious resources.

So what does the result of this thinking look like? The major anarchist hub in my city is up two flights of stairs (oh well!). The radical punk store can't *stand* my request to turn down the jams because my body is writhing in pain. And the marches *always* happen without me (as do the banner making parties, up those flights of steps). Our inclusivity is not important; it *never* makes the cut for "safe space" guidelines and it's *extremely* rare to find it in the vocabulary of oppression or demands for equality in radical or progressive communities. Ableism is the only "ism" I have to explain to people on a *daily* basis. It's not just that we don't exist, the *very word* available to describe the bigotry *oppressing us* isn't used or understood to explain what's happening! And if it ever is

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worth a hundred running pickets. A one-hour brainstorm of ten normies can miss what a neurodivergent person spots in a minute. A 20-year-old can repeat a hundred mistakes that an 80-year-old could've prevented with one conversation.

Wisdom and effectiveness can come in many forms and even if they didn't, wouldn't it be nice to *try* and find out? We may just surprise you ;)

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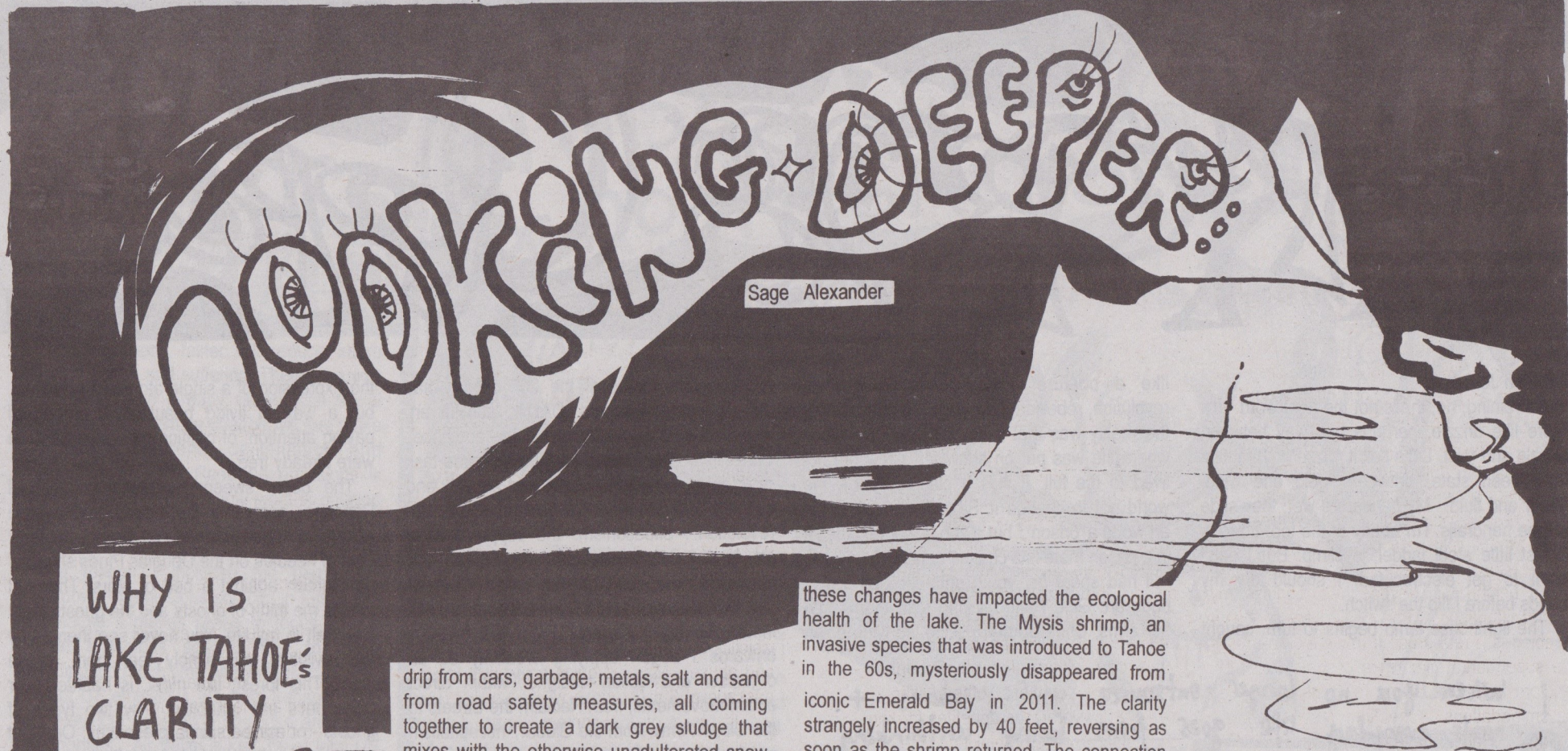
Alexander the not-so-great. And while there have always been revolts and protests to these horrific practices, for much of human history they were simply the *status quo*.

Living in the darkness of illiteracy, Europeans could only find brief glimpses of humanism through portions of the Judeo-Christian texts, most of which were reconfigured to the grotesque interests of the State. And just like today, the State had zero use for people like me - ineffectual, unemployed cripples. I would've been locked away and most likely tortured and starved.

Fortunately, changes would emerge from these bleak conditions. Influenced by Chinese revolving woodtype, the Gutenberg printing

revolutions that came about during and after the Renaissance were not just about ending the slavery of the Religious State - they were also about ending the slavery of the mindsets that despots imposed. It was about people beginning to think for themselves, to decide their own value system, their own purpose in the world (existentialism) and their commitments to one another.

As far as I understand it, this is exactly when disabled people started to "matter." This is when we were seen as human beings for the first time, not as the helpless cursed property of the philanthropic churches, set out to save our souls. The humanist movement, as the



Sage Alexander

WHY IS LAKE TAHOE'S CLARITY DECLINING?

Lake Tahoe is often referred to as the gem of California. It is North America's largest alpine lake and is famed for beautifully clear waters. The geology of the basin provides a uniquely strong natural filtration system, which leads to a crystalline quality of waters unmatched in California. The clarity of the lake, however, has been declining for the last few decades. The water that runs off urban surfaces (roads, sidewalks, roofs, anything that water cannot soak into) collects tiny particles and pollutants that are delivered into the lake every time it rains. These tiny particles, mostly between 0.5 and 5 microns, are the reason clarity has dropped reached to

drip from cars, garbage, metals, salt and sand from road safety measures, all coming together to create a dark grey sludge that mixes with the otherwise unadulterated snow melt that makes up the streams. In order to measure the change in clarity, scientists use a white disk called a secchi. This disk is lowered off a boat using a rope, and is measured at the point you can no longer see it. When clarity began to be recorded in the sixties, light could be seen hitting the secchi at 100 feet. The lake during 2017, the worst year in recorded history, had a clarity of 59.7 feet. This number fluctuates with season; according to the U.C Davis State of the Lake Report, the gains in winter months are usually offset by the summer. Groups working to curb clarity loss often cite secchi measurements during a single winter to display successes, but long-term trends show that without drastic change in infrastructure clarity will continue declining.

Wetlands along the edges of the lake are

these changes have impacted the ecological health of the lake. The Mysis shrimp, an invasive species that was introduced to Tahoe in the 60s, mysteriously disappeared from iconic Emerald Bay in 2011. The clarity strangely increased by 40 feet, reversing as soon as the shrimp returned. The connection between clarity and ecological health of Tahoe is probably more apparent than what was once thought, but the extent is somewhat of a mystery.

Stormwater management has been

attempted in a variety of ways around the basin. Installing curb and gutter does not treat storm water before it is introduced into the lake, as it is not afforded the time and surface material to pass through layers of sediment to catch the tiny particles. Another method has been installation of filter systems. These will

was especially instrumental in creating and extending the 2000 legislation that has provided over a billion dollars to improve the health of Tahoe. A portion of the storm water slice has ironically been spent on developing new curb and gutter. This unfortunate reality is the result of misunderstanding of science and agencies competing for limited funding to continue operations.

The League to Save Lake Tahoe developed a citizen science Pipe Keeper program to monitor the storm drain runoff pipes around the basin. People brave bone chilling rain and blackened water from pipes out of love for Tahoe; they collect samples of storm water

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threatens to change Tahoe as we know it. This is a common tale of wild places; smothered or tamed because of our innate desire to be surrounded by undeveloped land. As someone who grew up in South Tahoe, I see the particulars of this area trampled by overuse, and one is the steady decline in lake clarity and health. For those who come to the Lake on the weekends, I hope to instill some understanding of how a body of water can be so greatly impacted even with so many interested in protecting it.

As of now, stormwater is not treated in this basin. This is in a region of paranoia about algae growth; all treated sewage water is not introduced back into the local water cycle unlike most municipalities. We pump it over the hill to reduce the amount of nitrogen and

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Wetlands along the edges of the lake are crucial ecological filtration systems, cleaning

the water before it is introduced into Tahoe. The slow-moving water must pass through miles of organic matter before it emerges in the lake sediment free. Plants stabilize soil and ensure a slower water flow. The destruction of these marshes has caused significant trauma to the natural water purification that is responsible for Tahoe's transparency. Nearshore mouths such as the

Upper Truckee River have been heavily impacted, replacing the meadows with new development that does little to halt the discharge of sediment into Lake Tahoe. Once a meandering river, the Upper Truckee's mouth has been channeled into a straight line

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attempted in a variety of ways around the basin. Installing curb and gutter does not treat storm water before it is introduced into the lake, as it is not afforded the time and surface material to pass through layers of sediment to catch the tiny particles. Another method has been installation of filter systems. These will

clog in extreme winter conditions and are quite expensive to install and maintain. In my view, filters are band-aid measures; no infrastructure changes other than something added onto the end of a broken system. When humans find ourselves lost over a problem caused by our meddling with nature, we must look again to natural processes to make things right. If natural water systems can retain clarity simply by allowing water to absorb into the ground, we can stop clarity loss by mimicking these systems and allowing processes to take place that have been halted for decades.

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The League to Save Lake Tahoe developed a citizen science Pipe Keeper program to monitor the storm drain runoff pipes around the basin. People brave bone chilling rain and blackened water from pipes out of love for Tahoe; they collect samples of storm water and do the kind of ground work that is necessary when a natural feature is being threatened. This provides an updating status that compliments the research from U.C Davis for a greater understanding of Lake Tahoe. I visited the local Department of Transportation and learned about the salt and sand that is applied to the road to protect people from sliding on the seasonal ice. There are huge garages filled to the brim with salt and sand, and apparently there's noticeable differences in which you choose to use. Russel Wigart, the stormwater coordinator for El Dorado county, works tirelessly to reduce the sediment load of these measures and to improve clarity in general. Since his employment, they have replaced the standard sanding material with local decomposed granite and salt with liquid brine, both of which have measurably improved what is deposited into the lake. In addition to this, the city recently bought up an area of development that was built up on a creek bed that saw catastrophic flooding seasonally and put into place stormwater treatment basins and a real creek for the water to flow through. Jason Burke, the South Tahoe Public Utilities District Stormwater program coordinator, is approaching the management of stormwater to match natural systems. There are more and

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phosphorus deposited into the lake. Stormwater, on the other hand, is usually directed into gutters and pipes and dumped right into the lake or one of its tributaries. The reason the tiny particles are so impactful is simply the light refracting. They stay in solution for decades, and can be resuspended quite easily. Clarity isn't really a measure of the ecological health of a body of water, all it tells us is how far a white disk can be seen underwater. Stormwater includes not only those tiny particles of ground inorganic matter, but also pretty much everything that touches the streets. Runoff from lawns treated with pesticides and fertilizer, the various fluids that

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Upper Truckee River have been heavily impacted, replacing the meadows with new development that does little to halt the discharge of sediment into Lake Tahoe. Once a meandering river, the Upper Truckee's mouth has been channeled into a straight line to allow for the 'Tahoe Keys,' a system of algae rich man-made channels that form a housing development. Birds in particular have lost a large portion of their habitat in these construction projects. The most visible change that comes as a result of urbanization is the recent uptick in algae. The majority of nitrogen is deposited in the lake from the air, and about 20 percent of the total phosphorus load comes from the urban environment (according to the

2017 State of the Lake report). The warming of the lake from climate change along with the disruption of the delicate balance of chemicals introduced through stormwater has caused significant algal growth. Beaches that were once common swimming areas are now too grimy for many to jump in; Lakeview Commons looks more like a science experiment than a community beach. The aspect of this that is most essential is how

clog in extreme winter conditions and are quite expensive to install and maintain. In my view, filters are band-aid measures; no infrastructure changes other than something added onto the end of a broken system. When humans find ourselves lost over a problem caused by our meddling with nature, we must look again to natural processes to make things right. If natural water systems can retain clarity simply by allowing water to absorb into the ground, we can stop clarity loss by mimicking these systems and allowing processes to take place that have been halted for decades. BMPs, or Best Management Practices, are an example of allowing some natural filtration to take place. This works by letting water build up in depressions in the ground, and as the water soaks into the ground the sediment and fine pollutants are left behind. These structures can be as simple as a large open hole, or as complex as an underground chamber tucked away beneath a parking lot. The first priority in this is to give the water plenty of time to run-along surfaces that allow percolation. The hurdle is finding urban spaces that can accommodate appropriate amounts of stormwater; as a rule, development is never curbed to allow for more natural spaces.

People are quite interested in keeping Tahoe blue. The Lake Tahoe Restoration Act is a source of funding for many projects around the basin; Senator Dianne Feinstein

threatened. This provides an updating status that compliments the research from U.C Davis for a greater understanding of Lake Tahoe. I visited the local Department of Transportation and learned about the salt and sand that is applied to the road to protect people from sliding on the seasonal ice. There are huge garages filled to the brim with salt and sand, and apparently there's noticeable differences in which you choose to use. Russel Wigart, the stormwater coordinator for El Dorado county, works tirelessly to reduce the sediment load of these measures and to improve clarity in general. Since his employment, they have replaced the standard sanding material with local decomposed granite and salt with liquid brine, both of which have measurably improved what is deposited into the lake. In addition to this, the city recently bought up an area of development that was built up on a creek bed that saw catastrophic flooding seasonally and put into place stormwater treatment basins and a real creek for the water to flow through. Jason Burke, the South Tahoe Public Utilities District Stormwater program coordinator, is approaching the management of stormwater to match natural systems. There are more and more individuals learning how stormwater must be treated in this special basin to correct the mistakes of the past.

Lake Tahoe is still seeing a reduction in clarity, and it seems to me now this is what

comes when humans want cars and roads and ski resorts and a functioning economy in a place that everyone wants to be. It's not reasonable for me to nostalgically compare Crater Lake, OR, a basin that hasn't seen development, to a place where thousands live full time. Tahoe was not federally protected and is fairly developed, but this doesn't mean its fate is set. We can and are mitigating damage, and I am very proud to be in a community that contains people working hard to shift the balance.

Performing Lefebvre

By John Jordan

It's raining, no, that's not the right word. It's more like drizzle, perhaps half way between drizzle and mist. Let's call it *mizzel*, a beautiful in-between state, between liquid and wind, vapor and fluid. My hands are wet; they slide on the handrails. I'm nearly at the top; there is a last little steel ladder to climb. But I don't want to get electrocuted. I should dry my hands before I flip the switch.

The lighthouse lamp begins to turn, caught

like a posture, the discourse was of revolution, rebellion, even insurrection, and yet the reality was that it felt like a zoo: a place where life was put on show for a few but not lived to the full. It was a place to show the world not to change it. Suzi Gablik called the art world a 'prison',² but a zoo is worse: at least in a prison there is a chance of parole.

I had spent my youth enthralled by 1970s body art: Gina Pane sticking rose thorns into her arms; Chris Burden risking life lying down

The avant-gardes of the 20th century had also been my teachers. DADA: 'abolish art, individual genius, all limits and the audience'. Surrealism: 'We believe that the supreme task of art in our epoch is to take part actively and consciously in the preparation of the revolution'. Situationism: 'the suppression of art is its only realisation, don't feed the spectacle with culture but create playful participatory situations that spark insurrectionary desires.' From the mid-90s onwards I began applying creativity as an organiser and action designer within direct action movements, from Reclaim the Streets to the Clown Army, from the Global Anticapitalism movements to Climate Camp, and it enabled me to begin to realise Lefebvre's dream: 'Let everyday life become a work of art! Let every technical means be employed for the transformation of everyday life!'³

I was living in London and it began to seem impossible to lead a revolutionary life within the metropolis, where we are all held captive by the commodification of everything. As artists we inevitably become part of a violent process of gentrification evicting the poor and

the expression of a single atomised individual, but a way of living beautifully together, of paying attention, of crafting existence as if we were already free.

The beam sweeps across the forest of Rohanne, caressing the winter oaks whose naked black veins spread into the sky, the thick coat of needles on the Douglas Pines shimmer dark green against a bed of stars. The light makes me think of ghosts and the ghosts that I have felt in my life. You never see them, they are invisible, you simply feel them, sense them. This forest, like most, is haunted - or rather let's say inhabited - by two types of ghosts - or maybe spirits, presences. One that gives life. Another that tried to take it away.

Since 1965, the year I was born, handfuls of men in government buildings and skyscraper headquarters have imagined an airport runway exactly here. With their bulldozers they thought that they could destroy the complex relationships between the millions of beings that share the forest. The links between the crested newts and the pond plants whose leaves they use to wrap and camouflage their eggs, between the oak tree and the

When you no longer outsource your problems + needs, everyday life goes from being unthinking behaviour to being a question of technique: art.

by its bright beam the *mizzel* begins to dance, white ghostly clouds of light swirling in the night, around and around. The beam turns faster than most lighthouses, perhaps three times as fast. But we are not on a normal lighthouse. In fact we are 50km away from the sea, 20m above an old stone farmhouse in the middle of 4000 acres of fields, forests and wetlands, in a place that French government calls, "the territory lost to the Republic ... the outlaw zone."

Those of us who inhabit this land call it the Zone À Défendre, the "Zone to Defend": the

on the freeway wrapped in a tarpaulin; Valie Export offering up her breasts to strangers; the orgiastic mass therapy sessions of the Viennese Actionists. I loved the drama, the risk, the ritual. I loved the fluid boundaries between performance and everyday-life. But in a time of extreme ecological and social crisis, where the very foundations of life on this planet were being undone by the cancer like logic of capitalism and economic growth, it felt that to act in the world was to apply our creativity to changing forms of life rather than to changing art.



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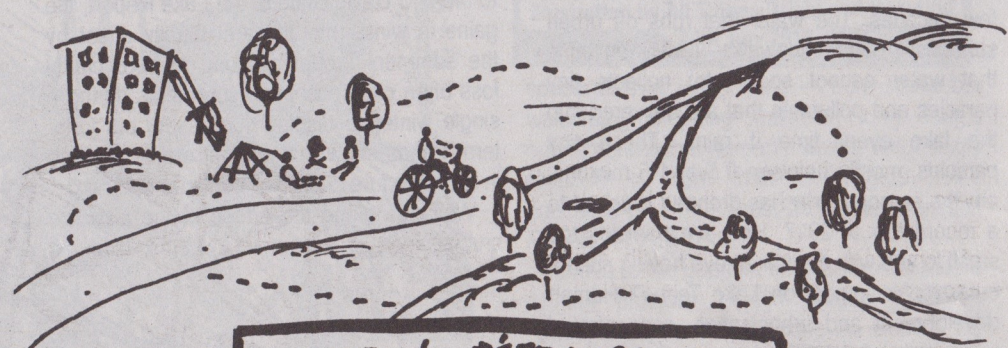
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Those of us who inhabit this land call it the Zone A Défendre, the "Zone to Defend": the ZAD. Last week, much to our surprise, the tabloid-like 24-hour French news channel BFMTV called it "a utopia that might be being realised"! To me it is home, a territory where I finally understood the force that comes when you dissolve the gaps between art, politics and everyday life. When you realise that the more you inhabit a place, the more it inhabits you.¹

In the 1980s I deserted the theatre world for live art, because I wanted something more dirty, messy and free, closer to everyday life. But by the mid-90s I had deserted live art too, because I realised that despite all its claims, the art world felt equally enclosed. Of course, it claims to be risky, edgy, radical, but this felt

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Rather than *live art* I chose the *art of life*. I did not give up art. I simply decided to let it free by breaking down the walls that separate it from worlds. I did not give up making the beautiful; it was simply realising that the most beautiful thing was trying to protect life itself. Art is so much wilder than the art world, and all of us who have been able to free the beast of art into the world know this. When you free it, it forgets its name. It becomes a force, not a thing; a means, not an end. It becomes a way of being in the world that erases the divisions between witness and actor, between spectator and performer. It re-injects sense into everyday life.



ZONE À DÉFENDRE
DE NOTRE-DAME · DES · LANDRES

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mushrooms that share their minerals, between the woodpecker and the wood worms that help it dig its nest, between the clouds and the trees that form their vapour. They wanted to replace all that with a lifeless strip of tarmac, three and a half kilometres long and 60 meters wide, just one of the two runways for the so-called 'green' airport for the city of Nantes. Another climate wrecking infrastructure, planned for a bygone age in which mobility was more important than inhabiting, for a world where people believed that existence was defined by identities rather than relationships.

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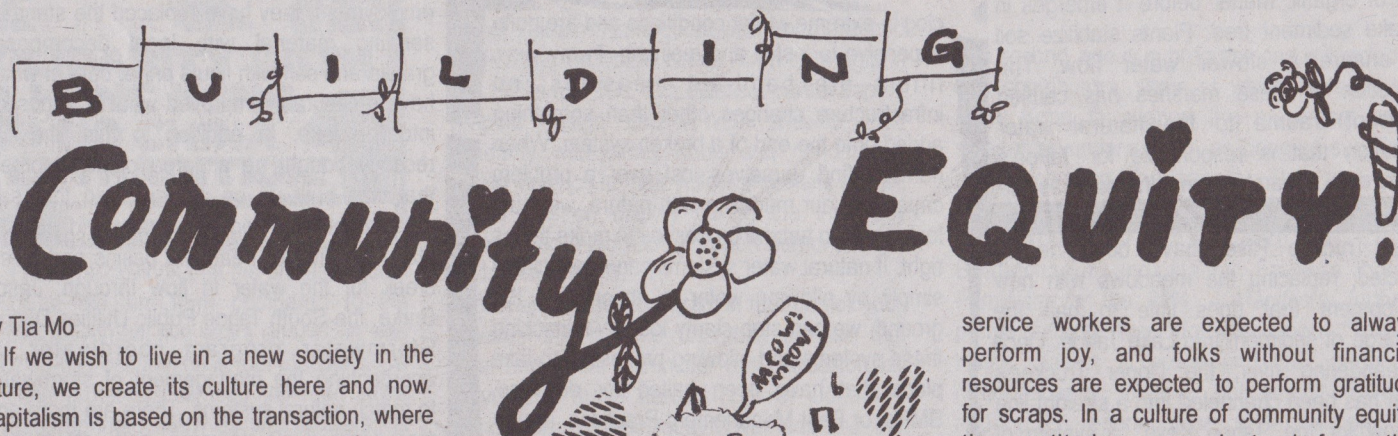
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But in January 2017, France's prime minister appears on live TV and announces the abandonment of the airport project. As the news comes in, the lighthouse becomes an improvised stage for TV cameras with their satellite trucks waiting in the mud below for the ZAD's reaction. Dozens of bodies light up bright red flares. Someone slices open a bottle of champagne with a machete and whilst dancing wildly they let a hand-painted banner unroll down side of the structure. It reads *ET TOC!*, which in French means *BAM ! There you go! Put that in your pipe and smoke it.* That night the prime minister is interviewed on the eight o'clock news: behind him is a huge picture of the banner on the lighthouse.

Now when I cycle through the forest, I breathe in the deep damp fungal smell of the place and begin to sense the presences of the other ghosts, the life-giving ones who have come to remind me of the resistance that took



By Tia Mo

If we wish to live in a new society in the future, we create its culture here and now. Capitalism is based on the transaction, where we depersonalize as many interactions as possible by exchanging money instead of labor or gratitude. The result, if we do not have other connections, is an endless poverty of the soul.

Changing this paradigm is, like most worthy endeavors, simple, liberatory, and sometimes terrifying. Instead of participating in a world of financial equity, we must build a world of community equity. Yes, we need that cup of sugar, but we need an obligation to each other, too. Childcare cooperatives, barn raising and quilting bees, community gardens, free skools, share fairs, squat clean-ups, potlucks; culture is the gift of time and attention that we give to each other for our collective good. To transform our communities, we need to take the idea that caring for each other is good for us and cross lines of class and race to include all our neighbors. There is no one we can leave behind.

The sharing of goods and time might be

what you already do, or it might be a dream in your work-three-jobs-feed-two-kids life. However, the culture of transacting can permeate our non-money interactions if we don't code switch. We might expect a favor in return or a gift of equal value, or we might expect gratitude and a smile. Women and

service workers are expected to always perform joy, and folks without financial resources are expected to perform gratitude for scraps. In a culture of community equity, the gratitude comes instead from the "privileged", as they return power to the group and re-establish their human vulnerability. In capitalism, shame and fear keep us separated. In liberation, compassion draws us together.

To recenter our focus, it's necessary to always prioritize the person over the exchange. Every clerk gets a warm greeting with eye contact. Everyone spanging gets a friendly word with the food or cash. Everyone who needs a hand or a check-in or a couch-surf or a hug or a meal can at least have our acknowledgment, even if we don't have the resources to share at that moment. We must see each others' struggles without shame if we want to keep our heads above water. Stepping into a world of community equity involves moving past conscience into kindness. The road to our collective liberation is challenging, but also full of love and wonder if we head that way together.

¹ The Invisible Committee, *To Our Friends* (New York: Autonomedia, 2014).

² Suzi Gablik, *The Reenchantment of Art* (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1991).

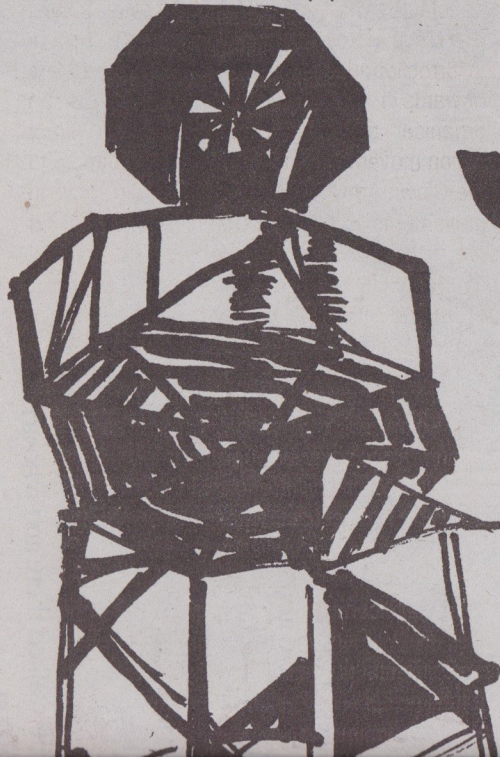
Life as art on the Z.A.D.



place here, and that ultimately led to the PM's announcement. In 2012, thousands of disobedient bodies put themselves in the way of the machines and the police who had come to build their airport. I sense the ghosts of the 40,000 people from all over France that returned to rebuild the farmhouses that were knocked down during the first days of eviction attempts. There are the ghosts of the bodies hanging in the trees to stop them being felled, of the farmers blocking the roads with their tractors, of the dozens of barricades each one built as a work of rebellious art.

Since that failed eviction attempt the ZAD had managed to exist without police for over six years. It has built a laboratory of commoning involving 80 different living collectives and over 300 people, all squatting the land and buildings, trying to live without domination - without bosses, gurus or leaders, and free from the dictatorship of the economy. With its bakeries, pirate radio station, tractor repair workshop, brewery, banqueting hall, medicinal herb gardens, a rap studio, dairy, screen-printing atelier, vegetable plots, weekly newspaper, blacksmiths, flour mill, library and even its lighthouse, the ZAD has become a concrete experiment in taking back control of everyday life. When you no longer outsource your problems and needs, everyday life goes from being unthinking behaviour to being a question of technique: of art. For example, because we refused to let the police enter the

of perfection. It means letting go of fixed ideologies in favour of sensing situations. Such presence means that we know where our food comes from, where the nearest spring erupts, what species of mushroom spreads beneath our feet. It senses the weather changing on our skin; it feels the tidal pull of the full moon on our bloodstream. A deep presence means



then Prime Minister Manuel Valls declared every week in Parliament that he was coming to try again to evict us, threatening that up to two-thirds of the French Gendarmerie would be mobilised. Every night we would go to bed wondering if we'd be woken up by heavily armed anti-terror cops breaking down our doors, and we memorised the places in the forest where we have hidden caches of food, water, and gas masks.

We responded with a ritual, co-designed during our assemblies and disguised as a

Made from an abandoned electricity pylon that we moved 20km by tractor in a highly illegal convoy, we built a full-scale functioning lighthouse right on the site where the airport's control tower should have been. When we were building it, we did not know whether a few weeks later the bulldozers might come, making everything a ruin. Putting energy, time, and attention into building something when you know that it might soon be destroyed is a powerful experience, and perhaps the perfect metaphor for living in this strange end-time of

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messy difficult process, never easy but compelling in its intensity.

We need a technique of life, an 'art of living', claimed philosopher-activist Michel Foucault. Rather than 'something which is specialized or which is done by experts,' he asked, 'couldn't everyone's life become a work of art? Why should the lamp or the house be an art object, but not our life?'⁴ For Foucault this was not

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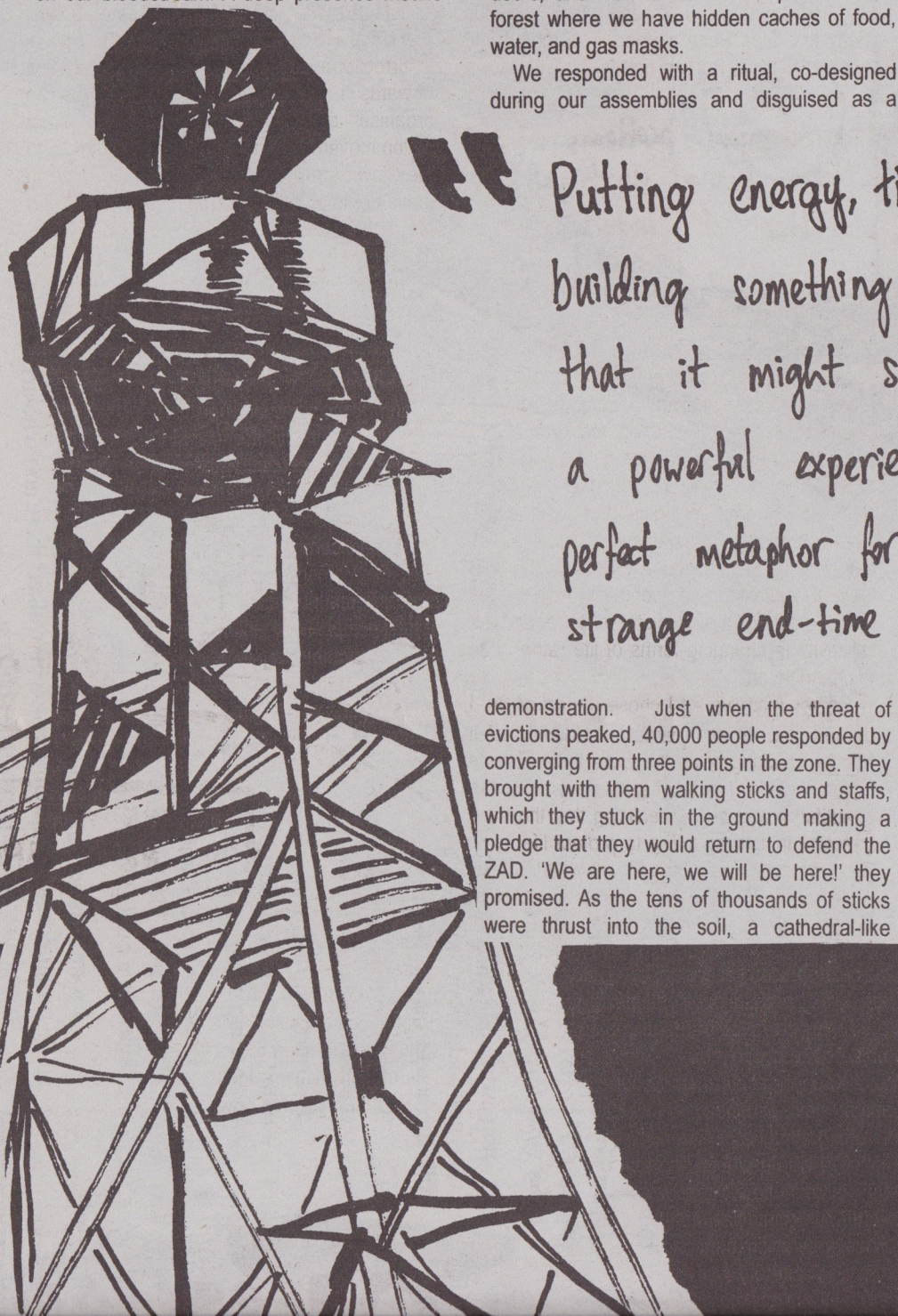
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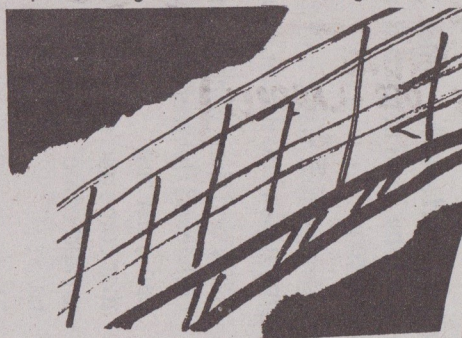
demonstration. Just when the threat of evictions peaked, 40,000 people responded by converging from three points in the zone. They brought with them walking sticks and staffs, which they stuck in the ground making a pledge that they would return to defend the ZAD. 'We are here, we will be here!' they promised. As the tens of thousands of sticks were thrust into the soil, a cathedral-like

the Capitalocene. You build as if you will be there for ever, but you face the possibility of losing everything tomorrow.

As I look out at the forest of Rohanne, tomorrow is uncertain again. The government cancelled the airport -- but in the same breath said that the rule of law would return to the outlaw zone, that all expropriated farmers could get their land back, and that the illegal occupiers of the ZAD would have to leave before 31 March 2018 or be evicted.

At 3.20am on the 9th of April, we were woken by the gut ripping roar of the police helicopter and 2500 gendarmes attacking the zone with armoured vehicles (APCs), bulldozers, rubber bullets, drones, 200 cameras and 11,000 tear gas and stun grenades, injuring over 300 of us in under a week. It was France's biggest police operation since May 1968, all because as anthropologist David Graeber wrote "the French state could not let an example of a place run without police, via bottom up forms





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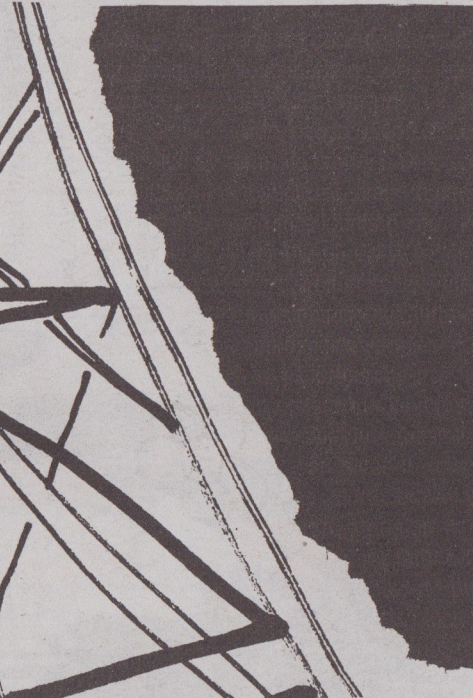
But this kind of attitude requires a certain mindfulness and presence to worlds. It means learning to inhabit one's territory as much as one's body, knowing its stories, sensing the texture of things. This discipline of attention, this deep sensibility to doing and being, is in itself a form of care-giving. It requires presence, here and now, working with what is at hand rather than waiting for some moment

that we notice when the local song birds fall silent, we mourn when butterflies no longer pepper the prairies, and we cannot just watch the bodies of migrants washing up on the shores of the Mediterranean. Paying attention is the essential ingredient of the art of life.⁵

There was always a ritualistic essence in live art that moved me, but what was missing was the shared language of the ritual. On the ZAD, ritual and carnival are tools we reclaim and redesign for our dark times.

As the Autumn leaves began to fall in 2016,

converging from three points in the zone. They brought with them walking sticks and staffs, which they stuck in the ground making a pledge that they would return to defend the ZAD. 'We are here, we will be here!' they promised. As the tens of thousands of sticks were thrust into the soil, a cathedral-like



medieval style oak barn, built during the summer by 80 traditional carpenters, was raised. The festivities continued late into the night. The magic worked. The government never came.

I began this piece up the lighthouse, switching the light on to mark the holding of the Assembly of the Uses, the entity where we organise the land as a commons outside of private property and the state institutions.

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But even if we lose that battle for the commons, the forest remains a forest. The airport will only be a ghost. The ZAD is becoming an international icon of a Utopia in resistance. Countless people hold its picture in their minds, like one might carry the image of a great work of art: an irradiance of hope in dark times. Holding back the monoculture machine, decolonising a place from capital, opening it up as somewhere that enables forms of life to connect and differentiate: that is what is beautiful. That is the aim of an art of life.⁸

³Henri Lefebvre, *Everyday Life in the Modern World*, trans. by Sacha Rabinovitch (New York and London: Continuum, 2002), p. 204.

⁴ Michel Foucault, *The Foucault Reader*, ed. by Paul Rabinow (New York: Pantheon, 1984), p. 350.

⁵ "What if I were to think art was just paying attention?" Allan Kaprow, *Essays on the Blurring of Art and Life*, ed. by Jeff Kelley, expanded ed. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003), p. 202.

⁶Graeber David, in *Éloge des mauvaises herbes, Ce que nous devons à la ZAD*, Coordinated by Jade Lindgaard, (Paris, Les Liens qui Libèrent, 2018)

⁷For updates in English on the situation at the ZAD see *Zad for ever* zadforever.blog.

⁸For a longer vision of the ZAD including writings by John Jordan, see *Mauvaise Troupe and friends, LA ZAD / THE ZONE TO DEFEND: A Liberated Territory Against an Airport and Its World* (Minneapolis: Canary Press, forthcoming).

place here, and that ultimately led to the PM's announcement. In 2012, thousands of disobedient bodies put themselves in the way of the machines and the police who had come to build their airport. I sense the ghosts of the 40,000 people from all over France that returned to rebuild the farmhouses that were knocked down during the first days of eviction attempts. There are the ghosts of the bodies hanging in the trees to stop them being felled, of the farmers blocking the roads with their tractors, of the dozens of barricades each one built as a work of rebellious art.

Since that failed eviction attempt the ZAD had managed to exist without police for over six years. It has built a laboratory of commoning involving 80 different living collectives and over 300 people, all squatting the land and buildings, trying to live without domination - without bosses, gurus or leaders, and free from the dictatorship of the economy. With its bakeries, pirate radio station, tractor repair workshop, brewery, banqueting hall, medicinal herb gardens, a rap studio, dairy, screen-printing atelier, vegetable plots, weekly newspaper, blacksmiths, flour mill, library and even its lighthouse, the ZAD has become a concrete experiment in taking back control of everyday life. When you no longer outsource your problems and needs, everyday life goes from being unthinking behaviour to being a question of technique: of art. For example, because we refused to let the police enter the zone, we had to design from scratch a system of communal justice to deal with conflicts. Experimenting new forms of life together is a



messy difficult process, never easy but compelling in its intensity.

We need a technique of life, an 'art of living', claimed philosopher-activist Michel Foucault. Rather than 'something which is specialized or which is done by experts,' he asked, 'couldn't everyone's life become a work of art? Why should the lamp or the house be an art object, but not our life?'⁴ For Foucault this was not about trying to be some kind of authentic, atomised self, but about pushing the boundaries of what that self can become in its interconnectedness with each other and worlds. During one of the many assemblies that organises life on the ZAD, one of the half a dozen farmers who refused the compulsory purchase of his farm for the airport said: "Whether we like it or not we have become more than ourselves."

But this kind of attitude requires a certain mindfulness and presence to worlds. It means learning to inhabit one's territory as much as one's body, knowing its stories, sensing the texture of things. This discipline of attention, this deep sensibility to doing and being, is in

of perfection. It means letting go of fixed ideologies in favour of sensing situations. Such presence means that we know where our food comes from, where the nearest spring erupts, what species of mushroom spreads beneath our feet. It senses the weather changing on our skin; it feels the tidal pull of the full moon on our bloodstream. A deep presence means



that we notice when the local song birds fall silent, we mourn when butterflies no longer pepper the prairies, and we cannot just watch the bodies of migrants washing up on the shores of the Mediterranean. Paying attention is the essential ingredient of the art of life.⁵

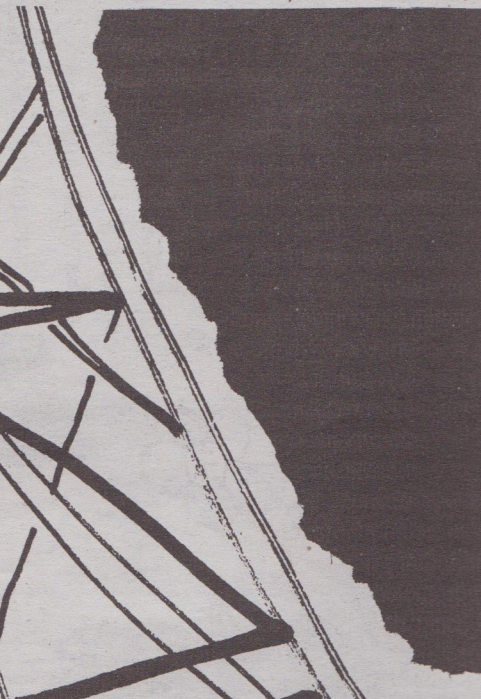
There was always a ritualistic essence in live art that moved me, but what was missing was the shared language of the ritual. On the

then Prime Minister Manuel Valls declared every week in Parliament that he was coming to try again to evict us, threatening that up to two-thirds of the French Gendarmerie would be mobilised. Every night we would go to bed wondering if we'd be woken up by heavily armed anti-terror cops breaking down our doors, and we memorised the places in the forest where we have hidden caches of food, water, and gas masks.

We responded with a ritual, co-designed during our assemblies and disguised as a

Putting energy, time, building something where that it might soon a powerful experience, perfect metaphor for living strange end-time of

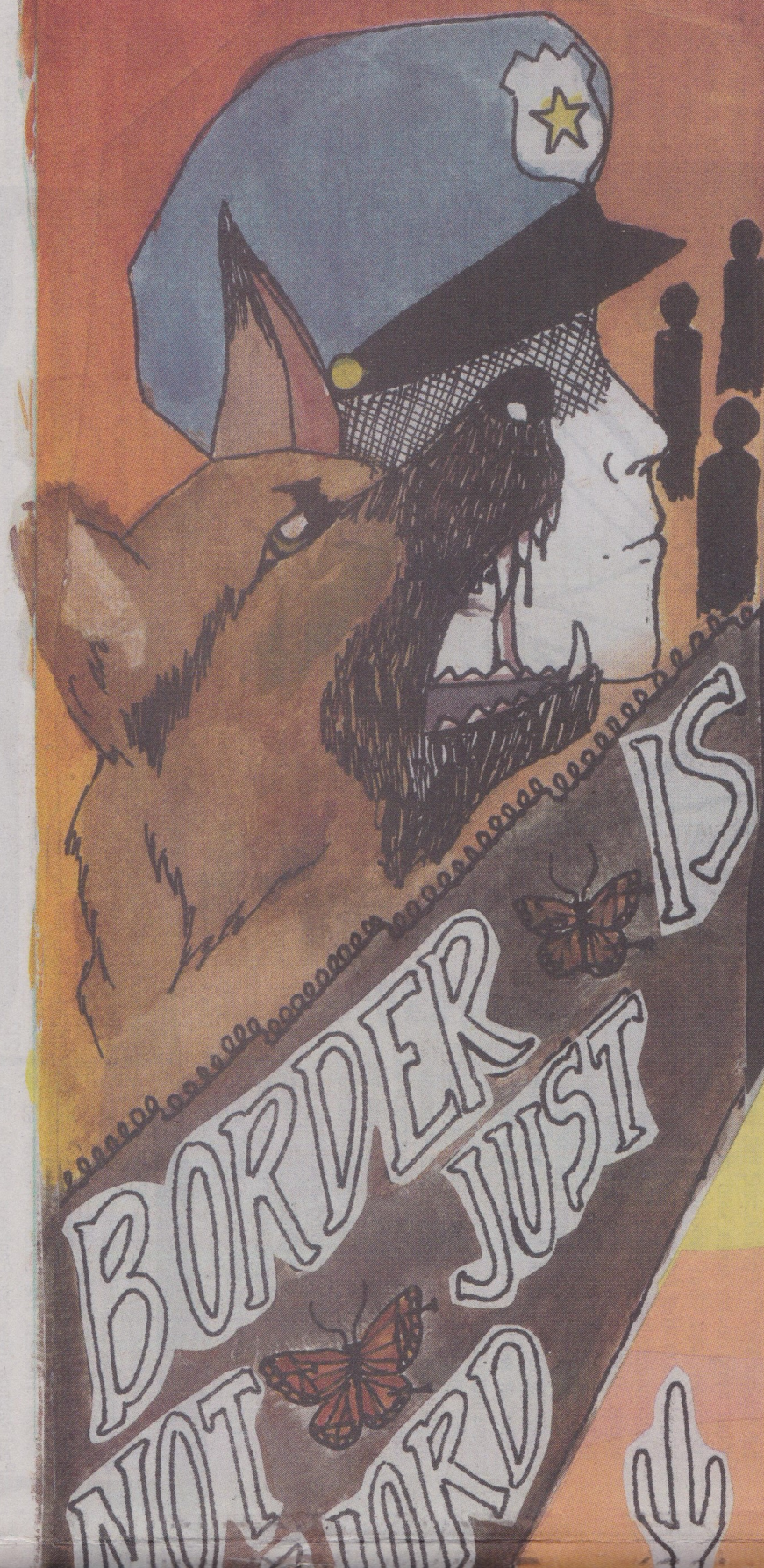
demonstration. Just when the threat of evictions peaked, 40,000 people responded by converging from three points in the zone. They brought with them walking sticks and staffs, which they stuck in the ground making a pledge that they would return to defend the ZAD. 'We are here, we will be here!' they promised. As the tens of thousands of sticks were thrust into the soil, a cathedral-like



medieval style oak barn, built during the summer by 80 traditional carpenters, was raised. The festivities continued late into the night. The magic worked. The government never came.

I began this piece up the lighthouse, switching the light on to mark the holding of the

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I

Border is not said, it is felt: imaginary past from future, childhood from present.

Boundary between "I was" and "will be", more policemen, trained dogs, surveillance cameras, technology and walls crowned with metal thorns.

Border is not said, it hurts: political division that separates the "you and I" from "us".

(In the Tojolabal language, in Chiapas, there is no difference between "I" or "We", nor the concepts "I" or "Mine". It is not what I want but what We, as a community, want.)

Going away and seeing departure are not the same. Time does not wield from the blade, absence fills the house one day before farewell.

Those who remain watch their lives pass. They live engulfed by memories and dreams.

The ones who stay sometimes hear the silence of those who migrated, silence and abandonment. Everything changed. Migration has changed everything.

Border is never said easily, it costs. It is not "we are" from "nothingness", the silence of those killed by a bullet. Migration has changed everything.

Frontera is not said, it is crossed. It is not romanticism, except for those who have no further. Migration has changed everything.

(One night, a girl asks her father: "Do you miss the migrants?" And in the beautiful silence, he answers with indifference.)

Butterflies migrated, magic and fluttered through hypnosis, into dream, then into reality.

They tied their wings with words, convinced them of not being alone, and inner sun that come and go, go and come naturally.



I

Border is not said, it is felt: imaginary line separating past from future, childhood from promises.

Boundary between "I was" and "will be", modern artifice: policemen, trained dogs, surveillance cameras, face recognition technology and walls crowned with metal thorns.

Border is not said, it hurts: political division that breaks the "you and I" from "us".

(In the Tojolabal language, in Chiapas, there is no difference between "I" or "We", nor the concepts "I" or "Mine".

It is not what I want but what We, as a community, need).

Going away and seeing departure are not the same, a knife does not wield from the blade, absence fills the house one day before farewell.

Those who remain watch their lives split in two, they live engulfed by memories and objects evoking memories.

The ones who stay sometimes hear the voices of those who migrated, silence and abandonment are seated at the table. Everything changed. Migration has no return.

Border is never said easily, it conjugates: a verb or a cage divides "we are" from "nothingness", the drowned dead from those killed by a bullet. Migration has no cure.

Frontera is not said, it is crossed: everything is imagination, epic and romanticism, except for those who walked there and who arrived no further. Migration has no solution.

(One night, a girl asks her father: "Dad, ¿when will we stop being migrants?" And in the beautiful dark sky, stars shining silently, with indifference).

Butterflies migrated, magic and fluttering were converted, through hypnosis, into dream, then nightmare: Americage.

They tied their wings with wire (so they could not return)
convinced them of not being butterflies with flight of fire
and inner sun
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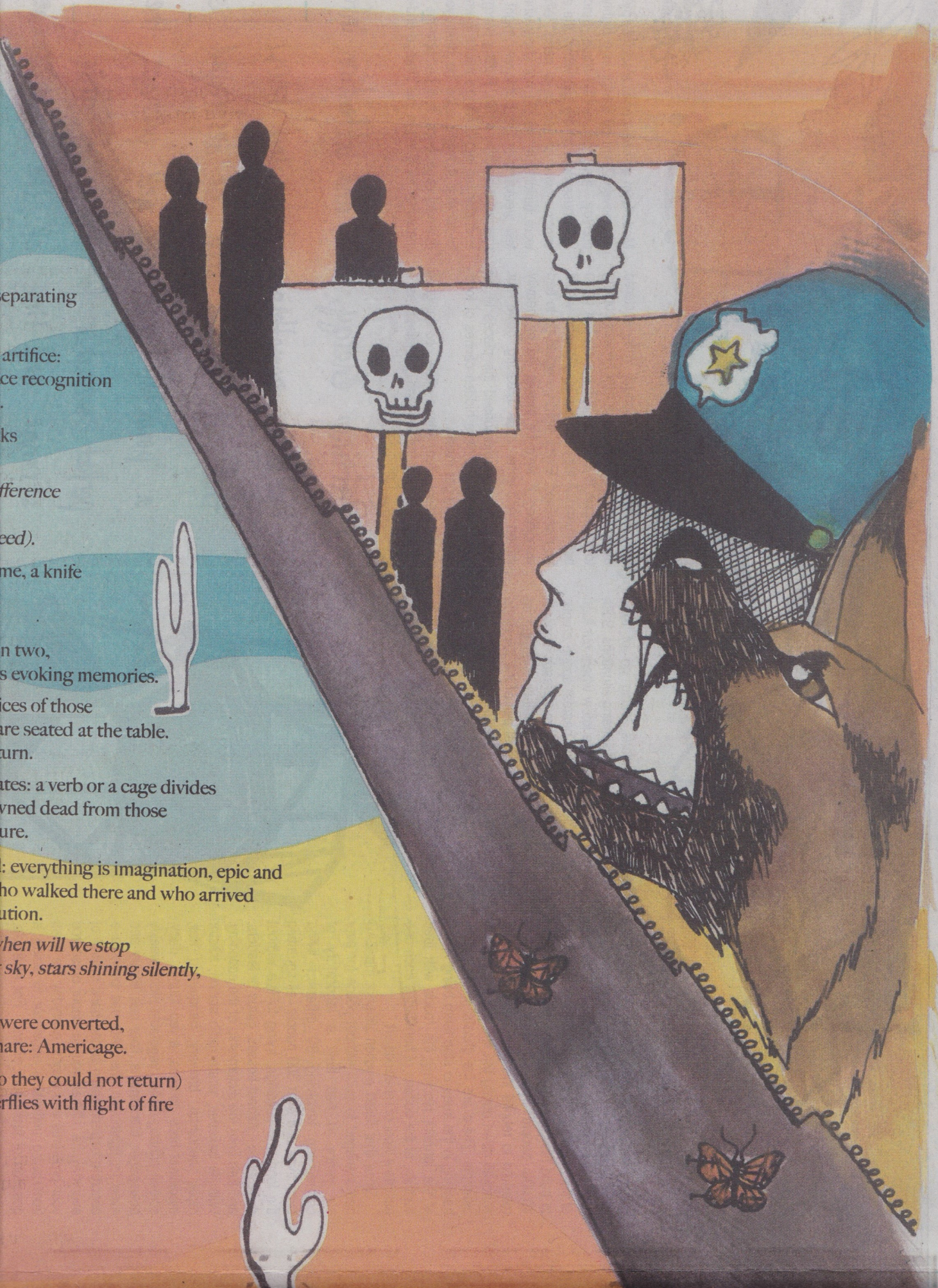
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ly.
We crossed other limits: Butterfly w
crawls through shadows under dark
Migrant butterflies, exiled, without w
other animals, rodents working arduo

2

Our tongue is connected to our heart, we s
we miss you, we love you, we ask you to ret
We are waiting for you.

Call us if one day you come back on your own,
or they kick you out, one day whether voluntarily
or deported, if one day you return in life
and not in death.

Return to your land before they -yes, the very same-
cut down our last tree, before they polluted our last r
before your whole family has been murdered.

Come back before the American dream converts you into
a different being, soulless, denatured, before their corporat
destroy our one home or steal and invade y/our land.

Did you hear us? Did you forget about us?
Do you still recognize us?
Will you... ?

Border is not a word: it is a two-way absence, a void,
a many-headed monster, capitalist hydra: destiny, ane

Frontera is not a word: it is lies, plague, corruption, p
within pain, it is fear, torture, rape, despair, fever, skul
racism, deep shame, amputated limbs and corpses un
men and children who never returned to see their Mo

Migration today has no return no solution no c

We must unravel the migrant plot: postmigrate
dismantle their business, un-migrate, set our ov
undo the knots and the wrongs, decolonize us,
come back home, resist, save ourselves.

*(In the Sonoran Desert, long before there
of the Tohono O'odham Nation traveled
migrating with the seasons from their hom
mountain dwellings. They state "wall" doe*

Border is another device of logic, it st
it is the last step that normalizes a nec
the only destination because we, in th
apparently
are nothing,
no one.

Border is not just a wall. (It is a
Frontera is not just a word. (It i
that destroys other horizons of r
barely remember one day.

Contact Luis- who wrote this:
saeta.ah@cryptolab.net

ly.
We crossed other limits: Butterfly who flies no more,
crawls through shadows under darkness.

Migrant butterflies, exiled, without wings, transformed into
other animals, rodents working arduously in the name of the Empire.

2

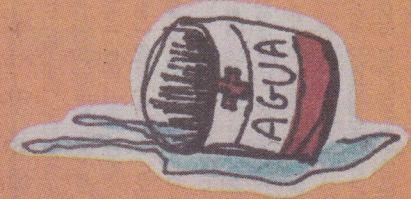
Our tongue is connected to our heart, we say because we feel:
we miss you, we love you, we ask you to return to your land.
We are waiting for you.

Call us if one day you come back on your own,
or they kick you out, one day whether voluntarily
or deported, if one day you return in life
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Return to your land before they -yes, the very same-
cut down our last tree, before they polluted our last river
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a different being, soulless, denatured, before their corporations
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Did you hear us? Did you forget about us?
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Will you... ?



Border is not a word: it is a two-way absence, a void,
a many-headed monster, capitalist hydra: destiny, anesthesia, fiction.

Frontera is not a word: it is lies, plague, corruption, pain
within pain, it is fear, torture, rape, despair, fever, skulls, disdain, it is plunder,
racism, deep shame, amputated limbs and corpses under the desert sun of women,
men and children who never returned to see their Mother again.

Migration today has no return no solution no cure.

We must unravel the migrant plot: postmigrate, retrace the path,
dismantle their business, un-migrate, set our own limits,
undo the knots and the wrongs, decolonize us, fly again,
come back home, resist, save ourselves.

*(In the Sonoran Desert, long before there was a border, tribal members
of the Tohono O'odham Nation traveled back and forth to visit their family,
migrating with the seasons from their homes in the valleys to their cooler
mountain dwellings. They state "wall" does not exist in their language).*

Border is another device of logic, it structures relationships of domination,
it is the last step that normalizes a neocolonial fiction: the North as
the only destination because we, in the South,
apparently
are nothing,
no one.

Border is not just a wall. *(It is a veil that numbs and conceals the truth).*
Frontera is not just a word. *(It is one of the defense weapons of the Empire
that destroys other horizons of meaning).* Border will be a word that we
barely remember one day.



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transformed into
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cause we feel:
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translated from Spanish
by Veronica Eldredge

put Sand in the

Continued from Page 1

beings are actively, intentionally and on a corporate/industrial level committing mass social suicide, not to mention ecocide against millions of other species.

During the Global Climate Strike march in San Francisco, I kept noticing irreconcilable realities — concern about climate change has gone mainstream, yet actually reducing fossil fuel combustion is still considered radical. People either want someone else to make

consider normal, desirable and reasonable.

For cultural change to take root, we need to realize that cutting emissions isn't giving something up, but rather it's about getting back aspects of our lives we have lost, and that we miss.

Fossil fuel use makes the world faster, more homogenous, more centralized and less participatory as machines and companies do things people used to do for ourselves. A

and fearful. It is a cliché but being a dad for my seven year old daughter makes me feel especially bad, because I can't protect her — I can only offer her only a future filled with problems that my generation hasn't been able to fix. All the animals in all the kids books are going extinct.

Going to the training brought me back to my activist roots as a teenager. Taking action outside my regular day-to-day life brought clarity and focus. Thinking and talking about solving problems isn't nearly as meaningful as actually doing something directly to try to make a difference.

The day we swarmed in San Francisco, I was a drone. I went to each car caught in the blockade, waved to the driver and tried to engage them in a conversation. I tried to give them a flier. One flipped me off and a few ignored me and wouldn't roll down their windows, but a surprising number spoke with me, took my flier and understood why I was there. A few even thanked me. I told trapped drivers that what we've been doing hasn't been working and we need to increase the pressure by putting some sand into the gears.

Only a handful of people turned out for swarming — it was a sobering contrast to the thousands who turned out 3 days before for the Climate Strike and told me that most people aren't ready for disruptive tactics yet.

People are stuck around the enormity of

however and wherever possible.

Action in the streets, in the political realm — working on system change not climate change — is exhilarating. The best moments of my life have been in the middle of chaos and resistance — seizing Seattle through thick clouds of tear gas during the WTO 20 years ago or climbing on top of a semi-truck during Occupy Oakland's port take-over.

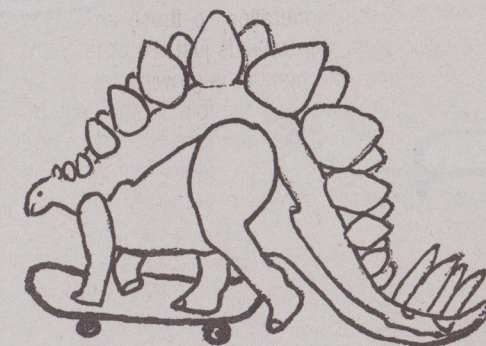
Intense actions can be terrifying — I recall the first time I was arrested when I was 16 years old I was almost shaking — but even more confronting power and injustice is



reductions, or they are looking for another magic solution that doesn't require reorganizing the world very much. Can't we just plant one trillion trees or something? We need to stay focused on how we can stop burning fossil fuels — the science and the numbers are crystal clear that *combustion* is the main activity that has to stop. Humans are harming the earth many ways which *all* need to be addressed from plastics, to pesticides, to land use, etc. — but it is a mistake to get too distracted from *combustion*.

cultural move away from fossil fuel emissions will help recapture the grace, magic and attentiveness people had before industrial capitalism used fossil fuels to speed up our lives. Biking around *is* slower than driving and flying but you enjoy what's along the way and you revive connections with the landscapes, people and creatures around you — smelling trees, hearing birds and spotting mushrooms.

In the US, 28.9% of greenhouse gas emissions are from transportation, and 59% of



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Being in a direct action movement engages you with those around you. You never feel as close to other people as when you're together

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The CO2 released when you start a car or turn on a gas stove takes 20-200 years to be reabsorbed into the environment.² That means casual acts are making very long-term commitments. In many contexts, we don't have a choice — our system only gives us a fossil fuel option for living our lives.

But what about when we can choose? If you are able-bodied, you get to decide whether to drive 2 miles or walk or bike. Only you decide whether to hang your clothes in the sun or put them in the drier. Of course none of us can solve climate collapse just with



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that is "cars and light duty vehicles." 28% is from electrical generation, 22% industry, 9% agricultural, 6% commercial and 5% residential. (2017 figures;³ greenhouse gas emissions are measured in CO2 equivalents — 82% of emission equivalents are actually CO2, i.e. burning fossil fuels.)

Some emissions can only be addressed on a systemic level. For instance, the 28% of emissions from electrical generation result from decisions made by a very few companies and governments. Emissions-free wind and solar electrical generation are now cheaper

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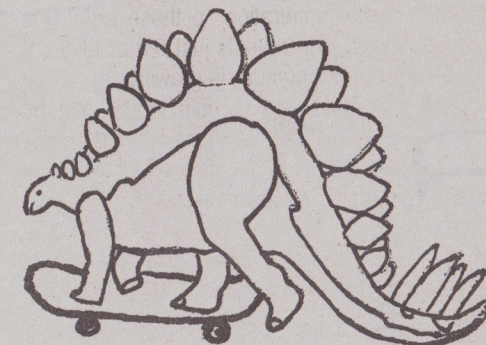
climate change because we feel like anything we try won't be enough.

Maybe we should stop worrying about *results* so much. Perhaps we can re-focus on our feelings. It *feels* better to *try* rather than to curl up and repress our fear. We may have to trust that if we do what feels good, it might not be enough — it might not save us — but at least we can die feeling good and knowing that in the Sixth Extinction, we did something. We did everything we could do.

Or really, whatever works for you to get out and do something while you still can. If the 5

life have been in the middle of chaos and resistance — seizing Seattle through thick clouds of tear gas during the WTO 20 years ago or climbing on top of a semi-truck during Occupy Oakland's port take-over.

Intense actions can be terrifying — I recall the first time I was arrested when I was 16 years old I was almost shaking — but even more confronting power and injustice is



transformational. Once the cuffs go on, you'll never be a spectator again.

Being in a direct action movement engages you with those around you. You never feel as close to other people as when you're together occupying a building, seizing a street or evading a police line. Direct action involves a constant learning and training which we're missing as we work repetitive jobs and live repetitive, predictable lives. So while there's a lot to be lost to the climate emergency, might we regain lives that matter in the struggle to survive?

There is a purity in *not* compromising — not succumbing to what is realistic — but rather holding out for how things should be.

A general theory of disruption is to go after the most fragile and vulnerable points in the system where a small delay or obstruction by a small number of people can have large impacts. The system has numerous inviting choke points: pipelines, power lines, ports, railroads, airports — places where things have to operate just-so and minor problems can ripple outward.

So many people focus on why we can't survive rather than how we can rise up against fossil fuel corporations and our own human

reabsorbed into the environment. That means casual acts are making very long-term commitments. In many contexts, we don't have a choice — our system only gives us a fossil fuel option for living our lives.

But what about when we can choose? If you are able-bodied, you get to decide whether to drive 2 miles or walk or bike. Only you decide whether to hang your clothes in the sun or put them in the drier. Of course none of us can solve climate collapse just with



our personal actions — we need system change first and foremost which can only be achieved by collective action. But it is factually incorrect to say that fossil fuels burned by individuals during our day-to-day lives are irrelevant.

We need to focus on the difference between culture shifts and individual change. A single individual changing isn't up to the scale of the changes needed. Culture shifts are different and more powerful — they involve millions of people changing the things we want, the pace of our lives, and what we

Emissions from Transportation:

Cars and light duty vehicles — 59%
Medium and heavy duty trucks — 23%
Airplanes 9%
Trains 2%
Ships and boats 3%
Other 4%
(bikes 0!.)



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Some emissions can only be addressed on a systemic level. For instance, the 28% of emissions from electrical generation result from decisions made by a very few companies and governments. Emissions-free wind and solar electrical generation are now cheaper than fossil fuels in some areas⁴ — so for those emissions pressure on elites is spot on. It is possible to imagine zero emissions from electrical generation in 5 years if WWII-type efforts were applied. Looking at the numbers, agriculture contributes emissions, but not as much as other activities nor as much as many people think.

As more protests and rebellions roll out from Sunrise Movement, Youth vs. Apocalypse, and Extinction Rebellion, etc. please do *something*. You'll feel better — you'll meet new people — the loveliness of our lives on this lush world are worth long-shot, last ditch attempts at survival.

Leading up to the Climate Strike in September, I went to a swarming training in a park. Swarming is a tactic used recently by Extinction Rebellion in England where a tiny group of people create brief (under 7 minute) traffic blockades. It is "lower risk" and in fact if police arrive the idea at least at the training I went to was to quickly melt away.

As I biked away from the training, I felt better than I had in months — a light went on and I realized "this is exactly what I have been looking for." Because I have been feeling depressed, hopeless, tired, discouraged, sad



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Maybe we should stop worrying about *results* so much. Perhaps we can re-focus on our feelings. It *feels* better to try rather than to curl up and repress our fear. We may have to trust that if we do what feels good, it might not be enough — it might not save us — but at least we can die feeling good and knowing that in the Sixth Extinction, we did something. We did everything we could do.

Or really, whatever works for you to get out and do something while you still can. If the 5 stages of grief make sense and you need to



go through denial, anger, depression, bargaining, that's fine but please hurry up. Al Gore's movie came out in fucking 2006 so for at least that long it has been crystal clear that unless humans change most of our technology and systems, our society is doomed. How could it be that we are roughly at the same place we were 15 years ago?!

This is a crisis of business as usual — doing things the way we've always done them so far will be deadly. Self-defense lies in disrupting and shutting down the system

constant learning and training which we're missing as we work repetitive jobs and live repetitive, predictable lives. So while there's a lot to be lost to the climate emergency, might we regain lives that matter in the struggle to survive?

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So many people focus on why we can't survive rather than how we can rise up against fossil fuel corporations and our own human sloppiness. Doom-fetishism amongst



pampered people in the USA — "why do anything because we're all fucked" — is the height of 1%-ish privilege because as climate change gets worse, the hardships will fall first and worst on the poorest people who are least responsible. Meanwhile the doomers living in the US will be protected by machine gun toting police while they eat the last food.

Climate crisis is not a movie with black and white outcomes — either we are doomed or we survive. Rather — while it is already too late to avoid mass species extinction and vast human suffering and displacement — getting

gears



to zero emissions faster will reduce future famines, floods and suffering. There's no way to know if we're already facing total social breakdown or if climate change will just make the current systems of injustice and oppression worse. Reducing emissions is harm reduction. If we know what is causing harm, we need to reduce the harm as much as we can, as fast as we can.

The reason I included the percentage breakdown of emissions sources in this article is because it makes sense to focus on the largest emissions sources first to avoid spending too much time on symbolic changes. 60% of US emissions are from transportation and electrical generation so those areas are top priorities. Air travel is just 3% of total US emissions. The number is growing fast — air travel has increased ten-fold in the last 50 years⁵ — but anti-flying campaigns alone won't reduce emissions nearly as much as getting people to drive less or switch to electric cars.

Last year about 3 percent of the world's population flew on a plane. Because most Americans routinely fly and think nothing of it, flying seems "normal", but from a global and historical perspective, flying is very unusual. Corporations offer air travel and many other fossil fuel intensive options, but we don't have to buy what they are selling.

Nevertheless, we need to stop thinking we can just focus on fixing one thing or blaming corporations or big consumers or someone else. Shifting blame is taking up energy we

TUBES TIED
& NO REGRETS

another perspective
on parenting or
not parenting

By Kathy L.

I knew from a very young age that parenting was not my calling, and was not what I wanted to organize my life around or focus my energy and resources on. I was so certain of that, that I got my tubes tied when I was 21 years old. I am 64 years old now, and with each passing year I have only become more convinced that I made the right decision. I have never regretted not experiencing pregnancy, childbirth, and raising children that share my genetic material. I have always been open about my numerous selfish and unselfish motives, and I wish more people would examine their own reasons and be honest with themselves and their comrades.

For instance, here are the completely selfish reasons I chose not to have children: It's way too much work and responsibility! Who in their right mind would sign up for that? I was not willing to give up sleep, sex, partying, free time, and expendable income in order to devote all my time, energy, and money to raising and supporting kids.

Okay, now for the altruistic reasons I decided not to have children:

The world is overpopulated, and there is no shortage of children in the world. White people in the so-called developed world

visceral desire to have children, not based on any rational reason at all. This is totally normal and okay! After all, sex and reproduction are deeply embedded instincts which have kept homo sapiens alive for millions of years.

There is nothing wrong with any of these motives, they are all completely valid; I just wish people would be more honest about them.

And even more people will admit that they are confused about whether to have kids, and even people who have had kids often have second thoughts and regrets about it. It makes sense that anyone would have mixed feelings about all the pros and cons of having kids, trying to weigh all the costs in time and responsibility and money, against the joys of having that very unique relationship with a

that experience of the world! Some of the happiest memories of my life are weekends taking my godson camping, and going on bike rides and hikes with my nephews or taking them to movies and political protests.

I have always felt that for those of us who choose not to bear children ourselves, we can contribute in some way to the lives of children. This could be through providing care for kids, helping parents financially or providing "extras" that the parents may not be able to afford, educating children whether by volunteering in schools or teaching a child to garden or build things or play the guitar, and/or by being a trusted adult in times of crisis or need.

From the day I got my tubes tied in 1976, my decision to forgo child-bearing was roundly ridiculed and vilified by my family, co-workers,



spending too much time on symbolic changes. 60% of US emissions are from transportation and electrical generation so those areas are top priorities. Air travel is just 3% of total US emissions. The number is growing fast — air travel has increased ten-fold in the last 50 years⁵ — but anti-flying campaigns alone won't reduce emissions nearly as much as getting people to drive less or switch to electric cars.

Last year about 3 percent of the world's population flew on a plane. Because most Americans routinely fly and think nothing of it, flying seems "normal", but from a global and historical perspective, flying is very unusual. Corporations offer air travel and many other fossil fuel intensive options, but we don't have to buy what they are selling.

Nevertheless, we need to stop thinking we can just focus on fixing one thing or blaming corporations or big consumers or someone else. Shifting blame is taking up energy we need to use on actually changing stuff.

A big problem with the idea that we have to change *everything* is that the pace of capitalist / technology change is already overwhelming — we are tired of all this constant change —



yet the only way out of this mess is even more and widespread change.

This is what makes me really pessimistic and filled with despair. People do what feels right and it is comfortable to cling to the things we're used to. But doing so will surely kill us.

During the Climate Strike march in San Francisco marching with so many thousands, at certain moments I felt a surge of hope: "maybe we can all get together and do

made the right decision. I have never regretted not experiencing pregnancy, childbirth, and raising children that share my genetic material. I have always been open about my numerous selfish and unselfish motives, and I wish more people would examine their own reasons and be honest with themselves and their comrades.

For instance, here are the completely selfish reasons I chose not to have children:

It's way too much work and responsibility! Who in their right mind would sign up for that? I was not willing to give up sleep, sex, partying, free time, and expendable income in order to devote all my time, energy, and money to raising and supporting kids.

Okay, now for the altruistic reasons I decided not to have children:

The world is overpopulated, and there is no shortage of children in the world.

White people in the so-called developed world

"Having children should be thought through and intentional."

use way more than our share of the world's resources. Me adding additional white kids would only exacerbate that imbalance and inequality.

If I don't have to organize my life, time, and resources around raising children, I can devote much of my energy to working towards radical political and societal transformation.

Women carry an unfair burden of responsibility for raising children, and the men do not do their part (this was even more true in the 1970's and 80's when I was of childbearing age). I refused to participate in that misogynist system of inequality, and I felt that until the men were willing to be full participants in parenting, women could boycott pregnancy, childbirth, and child-rearing.

People who DO have children often claim that they do so for purely unselfish reasons: because they wanted to give a child love and nurturing, or that they are dedicated to raising the next generation, or that having kids is their contribution to society, and other very lofty-

visceral desire to have children, not based on any rational reason at all. This is totally normal and okay! After all, sex and reproduction are deeply embedded instincts which have kept homo sapiens alive for millions of years.

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I have always felt that for those of us who choose not to bear children ourselves, we can contribute in some way to the lives of children. This could be through providing care for kids, helping parents financially or providing "extras" that the parents may not be able to afford, educating children whether by volunteering in schools or teaching a child to garden or build things or play the guitar, and/or by being a trusted adult in times of crisis or need.

From the day I got my tubes tied in 1976, my decision to forgo child-bearing was roundly ridiculed and vilified by my family, co-workers, political comrades, and many close friends. Even though I have been beyond child-bearing age for nearly 15 years now, people still express shock and dismay that I chose this path. It was much worse in the 1970's and 80's, as misogyny ruled and it seemed to be universally believed that women's only contribution to society was birthing and raising children. I wish I had a dollar for every well-meaning idiot who told me I would never be fulfilled as a woman if I did not have children and that I would be miserable and lonely in my old age. I can attest that in fact, I feel very fulfilled in every arena of my life, and I am far from lonely now that I have reached old age. When people have attacked me for not having children, I have never felt obliged to "justify" my decision. My body belongs to me and my destiny is mine to decide, and I don't owe

child from conception to adulthood and beyond.

And it's not surprising that women in particular would find it very difficult to decide whether to have children or not. For one thing, until the invention of the Birth Control Pill and the IUD in the mid-1960's, no highly effective method of contraception existed. Condoms and diaphragms were the only reasonably effective method of birth control, and both of

"IF I DON'T HAVE TO ORGANIZE MY LIFE, TIME, AND RESOURCES AROUND RAISING CHILDREN, I CAN DEVOTE ENERGY TO TRANSFORMATION."

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During the Climate Strike march in San Francisco marching with so many thousands, at certain moments I felt a surge of hope: "maybe we can all get together and do something." But as soon as I left the crowd, I was back in a sea of car and business as usual.

What keeps me going is how lovely the world still is — and people with their complex consciousness and diverse cultures are a part of the loveliness even if we're also like a cancer. We need to hold these contradictions in our hearts, avoid distraction and division, and focus on what we can do rather than what seems impossible.

Endnotes:

1. www.scientificamerican.com/article/co2-emissions-reached-an-all-time-high-in-2018
2. www.ipcc.ch/report/ar4/wg1/
3. epa.gov/ghgemissions/sources-green-house-gas-emissions
4. irena.org/newsroom/pressreleases/2019/May/Falling-Renewable-Power-Costs-Open-Door-to-Greater-Climate-Ambition
5. data.worldbank.org/indicator/IS.AIR.PSGR

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People who DO have children often claim that they do so for purely unselfish reasons: because they wanted to give a child love and nurturing, or that they are dedicated to raising the next generation, or that having kids is their contribution to society, and other very lofty-sounding motives.

However, if you get into a longer and somewhat more honest conversation with them, often they will acknowledge more self-centered motives:

I didn't want to be all alone, and having kids will keep me from being lonely, I had kids so I would have someone to take care of me in my old age, I want to pass on my genetic material, my partner and I want to create a unique individual who is a combination of both of us, my kids are my legacy and continue the family line, I wanted to please my parents by giving them grandchildren, I didn't want to miss out on this awesome experience of giving birth, etc.

And eventually, many will reluctantly acknowledge that they just had an intense

child from conception to adulthood and beyond.

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those required at least some cooperation from the person with the penis and could not be completely controlled by the person with a uterus.

As a result, the Baby Boomer generation was the first generation of women that actually had a choice about whether to have children. Prior to that, child-bearing was essentially mandatory (as it still is in some patriarchal and religious cultures). So this is a new decision that no one ever really got to make before, and it is very difficult charting completely new territory, with no role models to follow. My mother got married at age 19 and had 5 children by the time she was 26, and that was fairly typical of the 1950's homemaker and wife. Barely 20 years after my mother had her first child, I had my tubes tied, and I was considered extremely radical and insane.

While I chose not to give birth to children myself, I have had the great joy of actively participating in helping raise two godsons and three nephews, and I would not have missed

age for nearly 15 years now, people still express shock and dismay that I chose this path. It was much worse in the 1970's and 80's, as misogyny ruled and it seemed to be universally believed that women's only contribution to society was birthing and raising children. I wish I had a dollar for every well-meaning idiot who told me I would never be fulfilled as a woman if I did not have children and that I would be miserable and lonely in my old age. I can attest that in fact, I feel very fulfilled in every arena of my life, and I am far from lonely now that I have reached old age. When people have attacked me for not having children, I have never felt obliged to "justify" my decision. My body belongs to me and my destiny is mine to decide, and I don't owe

anyone an explanation. Whenever someone has a baby, people congratulate them, and it would be absurd if every time a woman had a baby, people demanded that she justify that decision. But for some reason, people who barely know me feel free to interrogate me endlessly about why I don't have children, and accuse me of all kinds of bizarre motives.

Sometimes people sincerely are just curious, and actually want to know what led me to this decision and to the life I have chosen. Often, they have never met a woman who has actively chosen not to have children, and they sincerely want to learn more, because they have never questioned the assumption that everyone should have kids. In that situation, I am very willing to discuss my life and how I ended up here, because I see an opportunity to let people know that they DO have a choice. I believe having children should be thought through and intentional, rather than based on following a script from another century.

BEING WATER ⁱⁿ HONG KONG

artist perspectives from a people's uprising

Continued from Page 1

parliamentary chamber that questions the government). This could result in Hong Kong citizens facing unfair trials in China where unjust imprisonment and attacks on freedom of expression are common and enforced with structural violence under China's authoritarian regime. Hong Kong — home to 7.4 million people — was as a British colony from 1841 until it was transferred to the People's Republic of China (PRC) in 1997. It maintains a separate government and economic system from the PRC under the Hong Kong Basic Law, which is supposed to permit a legal system, legislative system, and people's rights and freedom for fifty years. The Basic Law is in stark contrast to the authoritarian surveillance state right next to Hong Kong in the PRC.

The Anti-Extradition Bill movement in Hong Kong began with demonstrations against the bill in March and turned into a continuing mass movement involving thousands of people in June. As of September, calendars of upcoming protests arrive weekly via Telegram in Chinese and English.

This article shares some of my personal observations and thoughts from the past weeks on how artists and designers have engaged with the movement. These interventions are shared chronologically to help communicate how the protests are evolving, in parallel to the increased police violence, government inaction and participation from gang members and spycops.

Sunday 9th June 2019 and saw over one

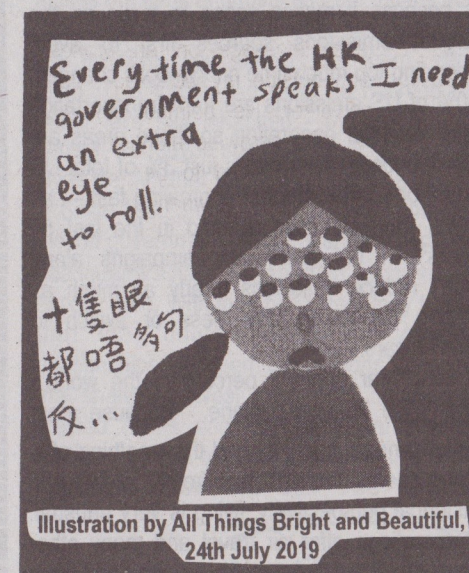
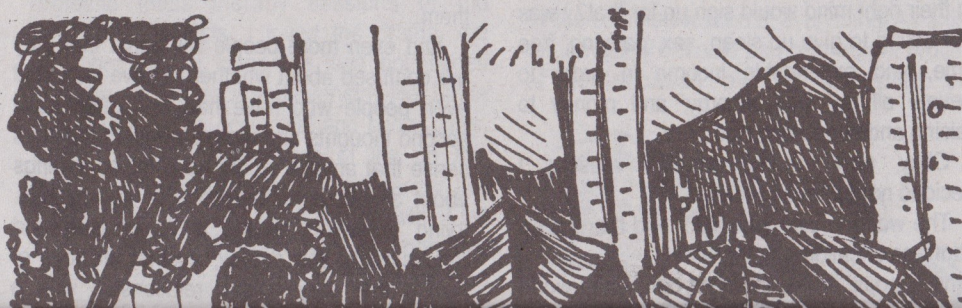
on placards that adapted popular images from Marvel's *Avengers* series, *Game of Thrones* and *Godzilla*. Metahaven's 2013 book *Can Jokes Bring Down Governments?: Memes, Design and Politics* remains timeless, and is now visible in the placards distributed by illustrators Joanne and Ah Li (known as All Things Bright and Beautiful), and in the surprising reincarnation of American alt-right icon Pepe the Frog — who is no longer a racist mascot but now wears a yellow hardhat and is part of the anti-extradition bill resistance. Unfortunately the "heartbreaking irony" of *Winter on Fire: Ukraine's Fight for Freedom* screened in 29 locations across Hong Kong may have fueled some nationalistic thought in the form of a new Hong Kong "national anthem" called *Glory to Hong Kong*, as well as street art that oddly incorporates the Celtic cross — a symbol reappropriated by Neo-Nazis.

Photojournalists documenting the protests have become more active on Instagram, especially one from Japan with the handle @kodama.jp. Kodama captures the protests using 35mm film with short descriptions. His beautiful and thought provoking photos remind

media, who have been part of this leaderless and decentralised movement — always in black bloc and unaware/unfamiliar with anarchism. At each rally, bilingual insurrectionary graffiti appears on different surfaces. The graffiti also shows solidarity with other struggles such as the squats in Exarchia, and the anti-pipeline movement in North Dakota, where 'Water is Life' was spray painted on the roadside — intentionally merging both movements together ("Be Water" being the formless and flashmob strategy of the movement, inspired by martial artist and philosopher Bruce Lee).

The Hong Kong Artist Union, who advocate for artists' rights and have over 300 members, organized a long list of cultural workers, artists and artist groups to strike on 12th June, the second day of the bill reading. The union later gathered artist objects and printed matter at an exhibition called *Bicycle Thieves* curated by Hanlu Zhang at Para Site, an independent art institution in Hong Kong (29th June to 1st September). One of the exhibits was a zine titled *Documents of a Movement* made by 12 contributors that include artists, designers, teachers, craftspeople and cultural workers.

from the 9th, 12th and 16th of June and places them into a digital sphere for the audience to navigate, watch and learn more about the movement. The work was part of the coincidentally named graduation show 'Flow' at the Hong Kong Baptist University (6-20th July 2019), which aligns with the strategy of the movement, "Be Water." *Being water* for the past 14 weeks makes me recall the critiques towards the 'feet-dragging' zombie-like marches in the book *Now* by The Invisible Committee and the *Theory of the Dérive* by Guy Debord, where protesters are writing their own psychogeography and reclaiming (public)



space all over Hong Kong — from sterile but welcoming shopping malls to Hong Kong's only international airport, which surprisingly resulted in more than 160 flights being

separate government and economic system from the PRC under the Hong Kong Basic Law, which is supposed to permit a legal system, legislative system, and people's rights and freedom for fifty years. The Basic Law is in stark contrast to the authoritarian surveillance state right next to Hong Kong in the PRC.

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Sunday 9th June 2019 and saw over one million people march from Victoria Park to the government headquarters. In the following

part of the anti-extradition bill resistance. Unfortunately the "heartbreaking irony" of *Winter on Fire: Ukraine's Fight for Freedom* screened in 29 locations across Hong Kong may have fueled some nationalistic thought in the form of a new Hong Kong "national anthem" called *Glory to Hong Kong*, as well as street art that oddly incorporates the Celtic cross — a symbol reappropriated by Neo-Nazis.

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me of Takashi Hamaguchi who photographed *Sanrizuka*, the Tokyo Narita Airport struggle in the 1960s and 70s. In a different part of Japan, graphic design duo ITWST showed their solidarity with Hong Kong and condemned police violence in their yellow and black poster, which was on display during the three-day Hong Kong International Airport demonstration (9-11th July 2019).

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Illustration by All Things Bright and Beautiful, 24th July 2019

space all over Hong Kong — from sterile but welcoming shopping malls to Hong Kong's only international airport, which surprisingly resulted in more than 160 flights being cancelled on 11th August 2019 (An Extinction Rebellion Hong Kong?).

Owing to the guerrilla and ephemeral nature of the protests, design objects such as "Buddhist barricades" blocking the Hong Kong Police Headquarters in Wan Chai and the interactive airport trolleys equipped with laptops and printed matter only exist in documentation — unless they manifest again in future protests. One unique and impromptu "design object" was the three-person slingshot, which involved two people holding a rubber cord whilst one person launched a projectile towards the government headquarters. Independent curator, writer and university lecturer Yeung Yang wrote in her open letter that, 'We [artists] need to become not only protesting bodies, but also supple and sensuous ones: drawing, painting, dancing, moving, jumping, touching, laughing, whistling, dreaming, day-dreaming, questioning, thinking... All these that we have been doing enrich our capacities to rule ourselves better' (Facebook, 14th June 2019). As the anti-extradition bill protests continue all over Hong Kong, I know that we will see more creative forms of resistance from those protesting bodies — learning, sharing and flowing



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days it became obvious that the protests would take on a different form compared to the Umbrella Movement five years ago which was a static 79-day occupation in four locations. On 12th June protesters climbed tall road signs and reappropriated them as watchtowers, at times adding their own signage to communicate which roadblocks had police presence and required more protesters (要人, 'need people' in English).

In an online article, cartoonist and designer Jason Li documented memes and art featured



me of Takashi Hamaguchi who photographed Sanrizuka, the Tokyo Narita Airport struggle in the 1960s and 70s. In a different part of Japan, graphic design duo ITWST showed their solidarity with Hong Kong and condemned police violence in their yellow and black poster, which was on display during the three-day Hong Kong International Airport demonstration (9-11th July 2019).

The anarchist monogram in the poster nods towards the multiple anarchist threads that exist and thrive within the anti-extradition bill movement: those abroad (*Out of Control – Hong Kong's Rebellious Movement and the Left* by Ralf Ruckus), those in Hong Kong (*Hong Kong: Anarchists in the Resistance to the Extradition Bill* on CrimethInc.) and those becoming.

Those becoming are the anonymous and determined protesters that we see in the

The second zine is in progress and will include 17+ contributors, some of which travelled to Hong Kong to support the movement with small interventions, such as bringing supplies and decorating the streets. The zine will include anti-capitalist feminist perspectives that resonate with Cinzia Arruzza, Tithi Bhattacharya and Nancy Fraser's book *Feminism for the 99%: A Manifesto*, further problematising the aforementioned "Trojan Horse," taunts at police and their partners (predominantly towards policemen's wives) and the 46+ reported cases of sexual violence towards protesters (41 against women and five against men).

Anti-extradition bill-related artworks could be seen simultaneously elsewhere. Alexander Wong's Masters in Visual Arts graduation work titled *Archive Extradition Bill*, gathers videos

of the protests, design objects such as "Buddhist barricades" blocking the Hong Kong Police Headquarters in Wan Chai and the interactive airport trolleys equipped with laptops and printed matter only exist in documentation — unless they manifest again in future protests. One unique and impromptu "design object" was the three-person slingshot, which involved two people holding a rubber cord whilst one person launched a projectile towards the government headquarters. Independent curator, writer and university lecturer Yeung Yang wrote in her open letter that, 'We [artists] need to become not only protesting bodies, but also supple and sensuous ones: drawing, painting, dancing, moving, jumping, touching, laughing, whistling, dreaming, day-dreaming, questioning, thinking... All these that we have been doing enrich our capacities to rule ourselves better' (Facebook, 14th June 2019). As the anti-extradition bill protests continue all over Hong Kong, I know that we will see more creative forms of resistance from those protesting bodies — learning, sharing and flowing towards a better future for Hong Kong. Editor's note: as *Slingshot* goes to press, police are using live rounds, rubber bullets, beanbags, water cannons and tear gas against protesters. When the Hong Kong government tried to ban masks on Oct 4, protesters instead turned out en masse wearing masks, which are not just for anonymity but also protection against tear gas.

THE 2020 Slingshot

ORGANIZER

is now available!!

A day planner
calendar with
radical historical
dates, contact list,
menstrual calendar
~and more!~

HOW 'BOU! NO!

A WRONGFUL CASE OF STALKING

By Bess

In 2018, a mystery phenomenon that was plaguing me around town came to a climax.

Over the past year, I had noticed sloppily-written graffiti using my first name; with sentiments such as, "Find Me Bess", "Marry Me Bess", and "Bess, I Love You". If these statements were written on valentines, they would sound appropriately warm and affectionate. But these words, tagged in red, one-foot-tall capital letters in public, were creepy. The messages popped up along the bike routes I tended to ride, on the sides of buildings, or on sidewalk panels. Friends tried to convince me that this was an unrelated coincidence, and I shouldn't grow paranoid.

I saw another message on an orange construction sign outside my workplace, and alerted my coworker. He pointed out the tagger's street name scrawled alongside the message. This later proved to be valuable information. One week later, when I took out the garbage, I found another message sprayed on our recycling bin: a plea for "Bess" to "find" the culprit, also named — we'll call him "X" — on social media. Two days went by where I retreated inside and checked over my shoulder constantly for signs of this stalker.

On the second night, I confided with two of my close friends. We decided to do some sleuthing. It turned out to be an insanely easy search, using the clues I noticed out in the open. We used a search engine on the street name, and found it titled on a blog. From there, we found the social media profile of X — and the other Bess whom he had been targeting. I contacted that Bess, explaining the situation and asking her about the missing pieces of information I sought. She confirmed that X had

suspected they wouldn't take it well, but I had to tell the truth. My brother passed it off as bad luck that my name was written on the trash can, and my parents called all the messages a coincidence. Not one of them wanted to believe that a sick man had located where I live, where I work, and left a note for me to find him. My family wanted me to calm down. However, one of my housemates took the threat seriously. She was a recently hired sex-ed teacher, who told me that many women are followed or preyed upon in person and on the Internet — often by people they know. She was deeply concerned for our collective safety,

in a drawer. I couldn't bring myself to be paranoid again.

After a while, I could breathe a sigh of relief when I was home, unless I saw X's street name on the dumpster at the corner of our block. It might have been there a long time, but I had no way to keep records. I passed by the flyer whenever I talked to customers at my workplace, knowing they would not see what I saw behind the counter. But catching the darkened photo out of the corner of my eye still caused me to imagine there was a person lurking in the lobby. If I saw a stranger who matched X's picture, I discreetly analyzed

been painted over, but some remain on the streets. I curse inwardly, every time I see one by X. Somehow, being vigilant has allowed me to recognize local tags in widespread public areas and have a level of appreciation for the lengths graffiti artists take to make their mark — on bridges, under freeways, behind fences, on curbs, signposts, in the form of stickers, stencils, and beautifully wrought calligraphy. The pseudonyms shrouded in mystery that eludes capture.

More Info:

Safe Horizon is a website to visit if you need help with a case of stalking, although they are physically located in New York City. It says, "Approximately 1 in 6 women and 1 in 17 men have experienced stalking at some point in their lifetime (CDC, 2015). Most stalking is done by someone known to the victim, such as a current or former partner. Yet some victims are stalked by complete strangers."

[safehorizon.org/get-help/stalking/#overview/](https://www.safehorizon.org/get-help/stalking/#overview/)

Stop Violence Against Women lists these behaviors as signs of stalking, from a 2012 report by the US Department of Justice (DOJ).

- making unwanted phone calls
- sending unsolicited or unwanted letters or e-mails
- following or spying on the victim,
- showing up at places without a legitimate reason
- waiting at places for the victim
- leaving unwanted items, presents, or flowers
- posting information or spreading rumors about the victim on the internet, in a public place, or by word of mouth

"Naming this pattern of behaviors



unfortunate. But these letters, tagged in red, one-foot-tall capital letters in public, were creepy. The messages popped up along the bike routes I tended to ride, on the sides of buildings, or on sidewalk panels. Friends tried to convince me that this was an unrelated coincidence, and I shouldn't grow paranoid.

I saw another message on an orange construction sign outside my workplace, and alerted my coworker. He pointed out the tagger's street name scrawled alongside the message. This later proved to be valuable information. One week later, when I took out the garbage, I found another message sprayed on our recycling bin: a plea for "Bess" to "find" the culprit, also named — we'll call him "X" — on social media. Two days went by where I retreated inside and checked over my shoulder constantly for signs of this stalker.

On the second night, I confided with two of my close friends. We decided to do some sleuthing. It turned out to be an insanely easy search, using the clues I noticed out in the open. We used a search engine on the street name, and found it titled on a blog. From there, we found the social media profile of X — and the other Bess whom he had been targeting. I contacted that Bess, explaining the situation and asking her about the missing pieces of information I sought. She confirmed that X had been on a delusional hunt for her for as long as I'd noticed the graffiti.

I reached out to more friends, and they suggested I take this information to the police. At first, I didn't want to go alone, but realized I had no other choice. My coworker refused to come into contact with the cops. My other friends had to work. So, I was seated in a small, windowless room with an open door, where two officers heard my case. They left for five minutes to check X's record, and then confirmed that he was under probation for vandalism. The most concerning moment came when one cop muttered to the other, "This isn't the first time he's gone after a girl". Their offhand comment was not clarified, and neither officer mentioned the real Bess's accusations of assault and harassment — other than the written testimony I received from her online. She had not informed the police. Their lack of investigation into X's activities outside of vandalism was aggravating.

When I broke the news to my family, I

reacted seriously. She was a recently hired sex-ed teacher, who told me that many women are followed or preyed upon in person and on the Internet — often by people they know. She was deeply concerned for our collective safety,



a household of four anonymous apartments occupied by multiple young women with varying similarities that could be compromised by a delusional stalker.

Together, we composed a flyer with photographs taken from X's social media, with a warning to call the cops if anyone saw him nearby. I took the flyers door-to-door in the building, meeting some of my neighbors for the first time, and compiled an emergency phone tree that was seldom used but still provided a conscious network. I also spread the information to neighboring businesses by my workplace, asking them to post it out-of-sight. The staff members reached out with kindness to lean on them if I felt comfortable, if I needed a place to get away from my "haunted house". I didn't know it then, but I am really grateful to my housemate for encouraging this kind of action, because at the time, I was in a state of disbelief and would not have taken such measures on my own. She let me cry and bought pepper spray for us, which I put away

saw behind the counter. But catching the darkened photo out of the corner of my eye still caused me to imagine there was a person lurking in the lobby. If I saw a stranger who matched X's picture, I discreetly analyzed

their face, their behavior, and wondered if this was him. How do you shake the presence of a person you hope never to meet?

I started to feel gaslighted. Had I been in danger, or was it an exaggeration of unrelated proportions? Would the stalking reoccur with the same person, or another stranger? The most the cops did was vaguely promise to send squad cars down my street. I was not about to go into hiding from a bastard I had never met, but I imagined the circumstances differently: if only I could see him under supervised, safe conditions where I could tell him to his face to stop. Stop harassing this other Bess. Stop writing her name, stop going on this delusional theater trip of searching for someone who will never show her face to you again. Just stop.

I have not received the satisfaction of this encounter, but I felt empowered to rise above the perceived threat of the stalker, who mistook me by name only for someone he was infatuated with, perversely, who he had hurt before. Many of the graffitied messages have

the pseudonyms shrouded in mystery that eludes capture.

More Info:

Safe Horizon is a website to visit if you need help with a case of stalking, although they are physically located in New York City. It says, "Approximately 1 in 6 women and 1 in 17 men have experienced stalking at some point in their lifetime (CDC, 2015). Most stalking is done by someone known to the victim, such as a current or former partner. Yet some victims are stalked by complete strangers."

safehorizon.org/get-help/stalking/#overview/

Stop Violence Against Women lists these behaviors as signs of stalking, from a 2012 report by the US Department of Justice (DOJ).

- making unwanted phone calls
- sending unsolicited or unwanted letters or e-mails
- following or spying on the victim,
- showing up at places without a legitimate reason
- waiting at places for the victim
- leaving unwanted items, presents, or flowers
- posting information or spreading rumors about the victim on the internet, in a public place, or by word of mouth

"Naming this pattern of behaviors [legitimizes] and conveys the seriousness of these behaviors...they indicate the presence of a severe threat to the victim". stopvaw.org/stalking

Here are some things to do if you feel you are being stalked (from Northern Virginia Community College's PDF on Stalking FAQs):

- Record all instances of stalking in a written log.
- Save a copy of all emails, text messages, and phone calls from the stalker in both physical and electronic formats: use screen shots, photographs, and archive your messages.
- Tell your family, friends, and loved ones that you are being stalked. Provide them with a photo of the stalker and information you may have.
- If you are a victim of stalking, know that the abuse is not your fault and there are resources you can use. You have the right to follow a police report and seek services, like for mental health. nvcc.edu/support/_files/Stalking-FAQs.pdf

I reached out to more friends, and they suggested I take this information to the police. At first, I didn't want to go alone, but realized I had no other choice. My coworker refused to come into contact with the cops. My other friends had to work. So, I was seated in a small, windowless room with an open door, where two officers heard my case. They left for five minutes to check X's record, and then confirmed that he was under probation for vandalism. The most concerning moment came when one cop muttered to the other, "This isn't the first time he's gone after a girl". Their offhand comment was not clarified, and neither officer mentioned the real Bess's accusations of assault and harassment — other than the written testimony I received from her online. She had not informed the police. Their lack of investigation into X's activities outside of vandalism was aggravating.

When I broke the news to my family, I

varying similarities that could be compromised by a delusional stalker.

Together, we composed a flyer with photographs taken from X's social media, with a warning to call the cops if anyone saw him nearby. I took the flyers door-to-door in the building, meeting some of my neighbors for the first time, and compiled an emergency phone tree that was seldom used but still provided a conscious network. I also spread the information to neighboring businesses by my workplace, asking them to post it out-of-sight. The staff members reached out with kindness to lean on them if I felt comfortable, if I needed a place to get away from my "haunted house". I didn't know it then, but I am really grateful to my housemate for encouraging this kind of action, because at the time, I was in a state of disbelief and would not have taken such measures on my own. She let me cry and bought pepper spray for us, which I put away

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PLOT

PLAN

AND

DREAM

Compiled by Jesse D. Palmer

Figuring out new ways to live in better harmony with each other and the earth — as well as fighting the decaying system that keeps us back — takes space. So people everywhere are opening artist warehouses, DIY libraries, community cafes and the like. These radical spaces are vital launch pads for meetings, skillshares, shows and community where you can meet other rebels, plot, plan and dream.

Here's some places we forgot to include in the 2020 *Slingshot* organizer Radical Contact List, as well as some errors. Please let *Slingshot* know if you spot other errors or omissions. The list lacks contacts in many places and *Slingshot* would particularly like to find spaces in Africa if you know of any.

The most updated version of the contact list is sometimes at slingshotcollective.org.

1149 Cooperative – Philadelphia

A new cooperative community kitchen for food projects and creators in the food justice movement to "incubate their own businesses and collaborate on the 1149 lunch menu." The space has an art gallery, community apothecary, and hosts social justice events. The space "proactively includes and involves black folks, folks of color, folks with disabilities, immigrants, women, queer and trans people, and everyone with intersections of these identities. Your inclusion is at the center of what we do." 1149 S. 9th St. Philadelphia, PA 19147, 1149coop@gmail.com, 1149coop.com

Phosphene – Pt. Townsend, WA

A bookstore and plant-based cafe with an event space. 1034 Water Street Port Townsend, WA 98368 we-are-phosphene.com

Murder Mine – Seattle, WA

An anarchist/punk queer/trans/POC run collective house / DIY venue. 904 Hiawatha Pl S, Seattle, WA 98144. folkriot@riseup.net

Uncle Bobbie's Coffee and Books – Philadelphia, PA

An independent cafe and bookstore that hosts events. 5445 Germantown Ave, Philadelphia, PA, 19144 215-403-7058 unclebobbies.com

Folk Market Parking Lot Society – Lynchburg, VA

Every Saturday from 9 am – 1 pm find an all-inclusive gathering with books, zines, art-

making, and "mind food for the movement."

1121 Main St., Lynchburg, VA wearalltyh@gmail.com.

Yoshida dormitory – Kyoto, Japan

An autonomous student sanctuary in the middle of a mainstream university, our source says it "might be the most radical space in Japan." Yoshida Dorm 69 Yoshidak onoecho, Sakyo Ward, Kyoto, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan 606-8315 tel. 075-753-2537.

Errors in the 2020 Slingshot organizer

- The Social Justice Action Center at 400 SE 12th Street, Portland, OR 97214 was left off the list by mistake. It is still active for shows and as a meeting space.
- The Organizer should have included St. Louis Art Supply at 4532 Olive St. Louis, MO 63108 314-884-8345
- Kismet Creative Center in Missouri no longer exists.

Continued from Page 1

DECRIMINALIZE NATURE

no longer be supported. The dominant human culture has forgotten the intrinsic connection we share with all life, and recklessly destroys millions of lives and the fragile systems supporting life in order for the controlling members of our society to enjoy a few more years of limitless consumption and growth.

Entheogenic plants and fungal life forms reconnect our consciousness to our own fundamental place as singular organisms within a much larger planetary system. At the same time as our society accelerates full-steam towards our own destruction, these mushrooms and plants, with the ability to heal the profound sickness of the human soul, have been declared illegal by the systems

controlling our society. Few things in the world are more important than getting the power of entheogenic plants and fungi out to the masses. Sacred plants, fungi, and medicines are the most powerful method for reintegrating sanity into our mainstream culture. It was for this reason that an amazing group of activists, from all walks of life, including Nobel Peace Prize Nominee Susana Valadez, came together to tell the story of the power of sacred entheogens and the need to decriminalize before the Oakland City Council. In testament to the potential and power of this cause, in healing wounds and bridging social divides, every single council member present voted "yes" that night.

Full credit to the bravery of the Oakland City Council, they did not have to pass this measure, and certainly did not have to pass it unanimously, one or two council members could have easily said "nay" or even abstained from voting altogether. It is thanks to the unanimous decision by the Oakland City Council, that the Decriminalize Nature Measure, has now spread to almost one hundred cities across the United States.

The Decriminalize Nature movement started when a few people came together around a small garden dedicated to entheogenic plants in Oakland, and has very quickly spread to a national movement.

The Decriminalize Nature team is made up of people from every demographic and walk of life, which really demonstrates the universal nature of the need to reconnect and the power entheogenic practice to inspire, heal, and empower people and communities.

Entheogenic mushrooms and plants are the very spirit of our Mother Earth reaching out to us, to heal our collective consciousness and help us to bring our existence into alignment with the greater planetary systems in which we are intrinsically a part.

This connection, if we reach out with all our strength, might just save us all.



Spiritual Communities: most commonly these live together. This can be a household of 4 are eastern-religion ashram-style, or Judeo- people, a dozen people who own several Christian of a variety of types which can be adjacent houses, 60 people who have houses more traditional like the Bruderhof, or radical on a big plot of land or any one of literally

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Living and working in Intentional Communities

By Valerie Oaks

When I was a 24-year old queer feminist looking for somewhere to land in this life, a crashed car and random memory were my unexpected allies. My road trip ended in a crushed engine, my traveling companions went back home to Canada but I remembered a place that had caught my interest a year or so back. I ended up moving to a 100-person commune / ecovillage in Virginia. This was my introduction to the world of intentional communities (ICs)

ICs are groups of people who have chosen

In ICs, that level of choice can be extended to all other areas of life. People can eat organic food the collective grew under healthy conditions for both the earth and the people doing the work, child-care can be shared

Spiritual Communities: most commonly these live together. This can be a household of 4 are eastern-religion ashram-style, or Judeo-Christian of a variety of types which can be more traditional like the Bruderhof, or radical social justice activists like the Catholic Workers, or their own creation like the Twelve Tribes. In some cases, these can be more hierarchical than other ICs.

Life-Sharing: communities whose primary focus is integrating people with developmental disabilities with chromosomally-typical people. They may focus on healthy, body-mind-spirit-integrated living for all members. Camphill and L'Arche communities are the best-known.

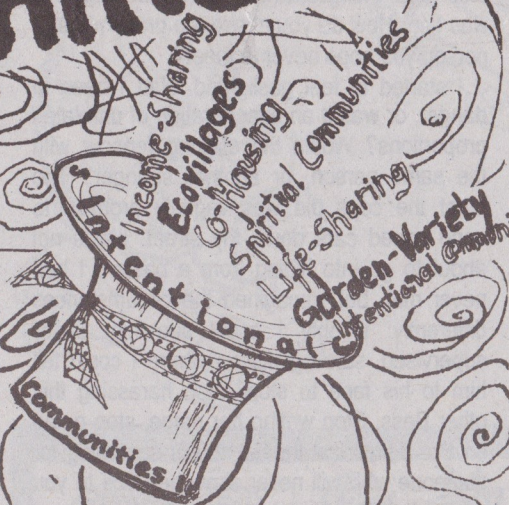
Garden-Variety IC: many many ICs, perhaps the majority, are composed of a group of people who choose to live together on shared land or in a house, and have developed a set of agreements or policies about how they will

Also a quick word about "Co-Living": while this new trend of groups of often-millennials sharing housing and work space may work for some people, it is far from the classic IC model. Co-Living spaces are often owned by outside interests and operate on a strong for-profit model, in the guise of "contemporary urban community".

Want to find out more? Check out these umbrella organizations or look up the communities mentioned above by name.

Federation of Egalitarian Communities: a network of communities that value non-violence, cooperation, income-sharing, and egalitarianism. thefec.org

Foundation for Intentional Community: a clearinghouse for all types of ICs; they publish the Communities Directories (about 1000 communities worldwide, free on website) and



my community is on
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Continued

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ICs are groups of people who have chosen to live together and share some level of resources. In my community Twin Oaks, we are on one far end of the spectrum—we radically share most aspects of our lives. I live in a house with 22 long-term people, no-one has their own car, and we all work in our communally-owned businesses, making nationally-distributed organic tofu and hammocks. Stereo-typed cliches? Yes! But that is really how the community has earned its income for several decades.

being part of a

**WORKER-OWNED
CO-OP**

is great, because YOU have control
over how things are done

In general, being part of a worker-owned co-op is great, because YOU have control over how things are done. You can set economically-just pay rates, choose more ecologically-sustainable materials and create an all-gender-friendly workplace environment. No-one else is making those choices for you.

In ICs, that level of choice can be extended to all other areas of life. People can eat organic food the collective grew under healthy conditions for both the earth and the people doing the work, child-care can be shared equitably, and everyone can have quality housing provided. Using cooperation in the face of a polarized world in which different demographics are pitted against each other is a powerful political tool.

There are ICs all over the world, of all different styles, but there are several general categories: (and a group can fall into more than one of these categories)

Income-Sharing: groups that hold their income, land, and other resources in common. The group takes bottom-line responsibility for meeting the needs of its' members and members generally work full-time in the community. Income-sharing ICs are rare, as mainstream society provides strong cultural training to be economically individualistic.

Ecovillages: groups that hold ecological sustainability higher than other priorities. They may be off-grid, or live in houses made using natural-building techniques, or be car-free. Often they are rural but they can also be near or in urban areas.

Co-Housing: a sort of "alt-suburban" version of IC living. People have individual incomes but live in clustered, lower-impact dwellings that are designed to facilitate a high amount of social interaction and collaborative activities among neighbours. Often there are some group meals each week.

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Garden-Variety IC: many many ICs, perhaps the majority, are composed of a group of people who choose to live together on shared land or in a house, and have developed a set of agreements or policies about how they will

themselves are endlessly diverse.

Also a quick word about "Co-Living": while this new trend of groups of often-millennials sharing housing and work space may work for some people, it is far from the classic IC model. Co-Living spaces are often owned by outside interests and operate on a strong for-profit model, in the guise of "contemporary urban community".

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Global Ecovillage Network: an association of people and communities dedicated to living sustainably ecovillage.org

CoHousing US: a national non-profit supporting forming and existing CoHousing communities cohousing.org

my community is on
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Donuts and Don'ts

SUPPORTING YOUR ADDICT FRIENDS

By Anonymous

As I walked out of the donut shop with my bag of five donuts, I looked furtively around to ensure I wasn't caught by anyone I knew and loved. Let me be clear with you, all five of those donuts were for me and since one of them was an apple fritter which we all know could be conservatively counted as two donuts, we may as well say I was preparing to go home and eat a nice round half a dozen donuts ALL-BY-MYSELF. And I knew that I had to hide this from certain people who know me.

A logical conclusion for one to make is that I was struggling with some kind of eating disorder that included bingeing. I suppose eating half a dozen donuts is akin to that, but it is also something different than the anorexic bingeing and purging I did in my late teens. All of the complex messiness of body image and one's value and worth being tied to weight loss/gain were in a separate box. This was, outright addiction. I was using. And I knew I was using. As a recovering alcoholic and marijuana addict, my addiction was manifesting itself in a slightly different way, through bingeing on sugar.

As I walked the four blocks with my current drug of choice — sugar — I was imagining what would happen if I were caught by a particular friend, we'll call them Sam. I've had plenty of conversations with Sam about how even though I've been clean and sober for almost 20 years, the current substance I was

my life in the way drugs and alcohol would.

Having your addiction manifest itself through food is weird. With booze and weed it's simple—just don't drink and smoke. But how am I not going to eat? And I suppose I could give up sugar, but how am I never going to eat my mom's kuchen? I've also found that the more restrictive I make my diet, the more I obsess about what I can't eat to the point where I have to eat it all!!!!!!!

My response to this puzzle is to learn about the impact sugar actually has on me. I'm reading books and researching what sugar does and in the meantime the words of a therapist who shepherded me through my early years of recovery resurface. "Do it with intention." So that is what I'm doing. I'm super aware of the out of control feeling I have when I'm standing at the donut counter and don't really want to be there, but can't walk away. In that moment, I don't know how to not order a blueberry fritter, 3 kind of cronuts, something cream filled, and a glazed.

Also, your needs change as your degree of white knuckling it changes. People often worry about drinking around me or think they have to exclude me from get togethers at bars. I actually really love bars— weirdly, they remind me of my childhood because my parents owned one in the small town I grew up in. Currently in my recovery, seeing someone drink won't make me drink but seeing someone eat a sweet might make me run to the donut shop. Addiction has no rhyme and reason.

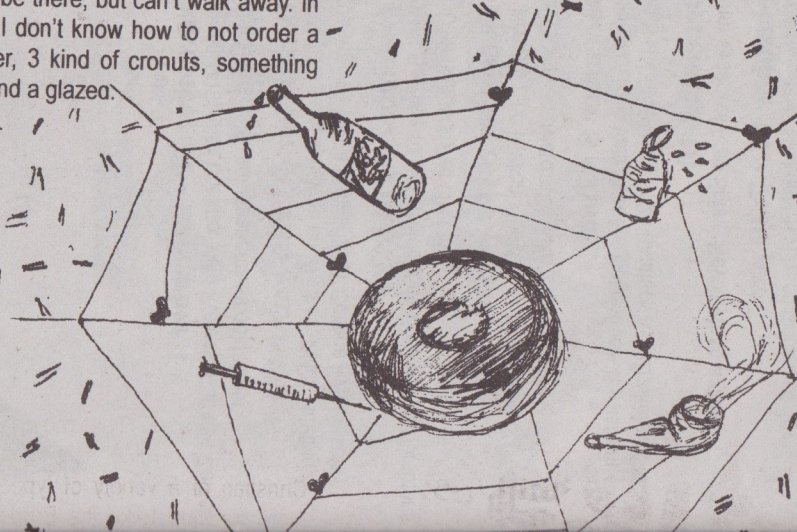
I was also thinking that my target audience would be people who know me deeply and have already had conversations about how addiction manifests itself with me. I'd be cautious about applying this advice to

Step 2: Destroy it. Remove the donuts from the bag and crumble them up in a trash can. Open the bottle and pour it out. Open the bag of weed and dump it in a trash can. No, you do not get to eat, drink, smoke it yourself later. That will enflame the addict's sense of injustice that other people get to use and they don't and just make them want it more.

Step 3: Take them somewhere, preferably somewhere outside in which they are moving their body. A walk in nature, or a bike ride to someplace pretty. There is a lot of science that says exercising outside improves mental health.

Step 4: Make a plan. Let them talk about what they're going through, what they need, and make concrete plans about how they are going to stay sober. Maybe look up a meeting, schedule and plan how they're going to get to the meeting. Have them text you after they've been. Make a plan for the next day and the day after. Have them text you a picture of them doing what they say they will in the plan. Again, getting outside to exercise is a great plan!

My friends know that I will try to cancel plans and they shouldn't let me. I was talking to someone in my support system about plans I had made with someone else. "Do they know about not letting you cancel?" they asked.



those donuts were for me and since one of them was an apple fritter which we all know could be conservatively counted as two donuts, we may as well say I was preparing to go home and eat a nice round half a dozen donuts ALL-BY-MYSELF. And I knew that I had to hide this from certain people who know me.

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As I walked the four blocks with my current drug of choice — sugar — I was imagining what would happen if I were caught by a particular friend, we'll call them Sam. I've had plenty of conversations with Sam about how even though I've been clean and sober for almost 20 years, the current substance I was abusing was sugary food and for me, bingeing on desserts was using.

I've most recently returned to 12 step meetings after an absence of many years. For those of you who don't know, the reason a recovering addict may attend a meeting may not be because we want to use again, but rather because it is a safe space to talk about our emotional health with people who understand the emotional landscape unique to addicts. Of course us recovering addicts know better than to say we will never use again, even after 20 years of sobriety. At the same time, I can confidently say that what keeps me from drinking or smoking pot again is the picture in my mind of where that road leads. I know deep in my bones that the 12 step saying "One is too many, a thousand is never enough" is all too real. The rewarding career I love and my relationships would be burned to the ground if I had one drink or one hit off of a joint. But sugar. Sugar isn't going to sabotage

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I also tell people in my life, with no shame, what I'm going through. It's important they know what it looks like when I'm using because they are a line of defense. I clearly ask them for what I need. So as I was walking home and hoping I wouldn't run into anyone I knew, specifically Sam, I wondered if they would know what to do if they saw me. In my head, I began to construct a hand guide for my support system to use about how to interrupt my using.

Please note, these suggestions were constructed by me and what I needed at that moment. Addiction is such a funny, slippery thing and I know that what I need changed from day to day early in my recovery. Becoming clean and sober for the first time feels like being reborn. I know, that's incredibly cliched and at the same time I felt like I had to learn how to do everything new again, sober. Even doing laundry. What was I supposed to do at the laundromat without a six pack?

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My friends know that I will try to cancel plans and they shouldn't let me. I was talking to someone in my support system about plans I had made with someone else. "Do they know about not letting you cancel?" they asked. Addicts are sneaky. It's important that you can distinguish between your friend's healthy voice and their sneaky addict voice. Ask them, "What should I do when your sneaky addict is trying to get out of the plan we made?"

This is by no means a comprehensive list of ways to help the addicts in your life. Again, addiction manifests itself in a myriad of ways and every addict's needs can change from minute to minute. This is what works for me.

someone you don't know well.

Having said all of the above, here is what I would want Sam, or anyone else who knew me do if they saw me about to use:

Step 1: Take the offensive substance — the bag of donuts, the bottle of beer, the bag of weed — away!

Available
Poster

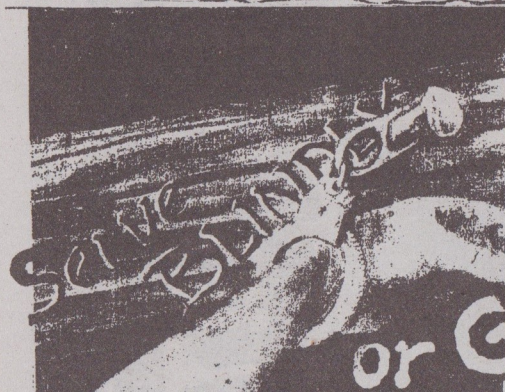
Leaping is an uplifting, explosive, hopeful action. Put down this paper and try it right now — you'll feel different and maybe better. Leaping can move you from an isolated, inconvenient spot surrounded by mud to the next spot of dry ground. When you leap, you leave the ground and fly free into the unknown.

Far too much of our energy goes into jobs,

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SLINGSHOT
or Get an Organizer
2020

The 2020 *Slingshot* organizer is available now. By selling the organizer, we are able to print and give away this paper for free, so if you want to support the paper, please buy the organizer for yourself and as gifts.

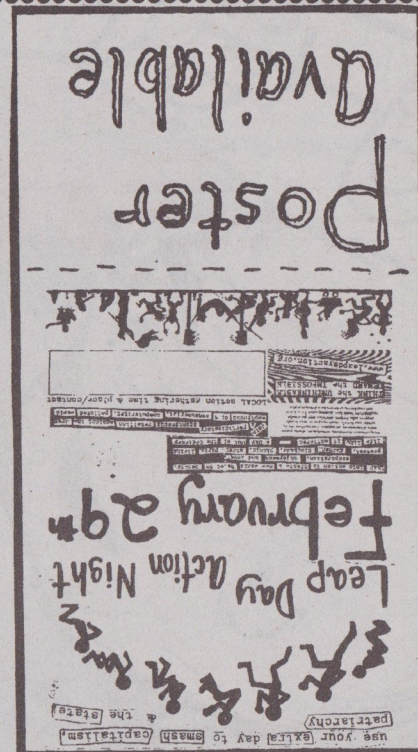
You can order the organizer on-line but if possible, please buy it from a brick and mortar store which helps support the many coops, infoshops and independent bookstores that sell the Organizer. If you know of a store in your area that might like to carry the organizer and/or the paper, let us know. We would like to meet them. We are particularly looking for

stores in large cities where we don't think we have any place (or bigger places) carrying the organizer such as: Houston, Phoenix, San Antonio, Dallas, San Jose, Jacksonville, Ft. Worth, Charlotte, NC, Indianapolis, Washington, DC, Boston, El Paso, Detroit, Nashville, Oklahoma City, Las Vegas, Louisville, Albuquerque, Fresno, Sacramento, Miami, Omaha, Tulsa, Arlington, Tampa, Wichita, Cleveland, Bakersfield, Honolulu, Anchorage, Reno, Boise, Tacoma, Des Moines, San Bernardino.

someone you don't know well.

Having said all of the above, here is what I would want Sam, or anyone else who knew me do if they saw me about to use:

Step 1: Take the offensive substance — the bag of donuts, the bottle of beer, the bag of weed— away!



February 29, 2020 is Leap Day — an extra day waiting to be transformed into an inspirational rebellion against dreary business as usual. Since 2000, Leap Day has featured decentralized scattered spontaneous gatherings and disruptions. Every other day, the wheels of global industrial capitalism spin around, running over our freedom and the earth in the process. But Leap Day can be different.

"What should I do when your sneaky addict is trying to get out of the plan we made?"

This is by no means a comprehensive list of ways to help the addicts in your life. Again, addiction manifests itself in a myriad of ways and every addict's needs can change from minute to minute. This is what works for me.

Leaping is an uplifting, explosive, hopeful action. Put down this paper and try it right now — you'll feel different and *maybe* better. Leaping can move you from an isolated, inconvenient spot surrounded by mud to the next spot of dry ground. When you leap, you leave the ground and fly free into the unknown.

Far too much of our energy goes into jobs, obligations, expectations, routine, drudgery. Even most protests are tired and ritualistic — focused on being against something — inherently reactionary, not proactive. They allow our rulers to set the agenda, and then we predictably turn out — the best that can be achieved is the status quo. You cannot build a new society by just being against something, or even against *everything*.

So Leap Day is an opportunity — a totally arbitrary day — and thus it puts the onus on us to be realistic by demanding the impossible.

You don't need permission to observe Leap Day — there is no organization, no structure, no email list! There is no success or failure.

Slingshot has 17 X 22 glossy Leap Day Action Night posters we can send you if you want to pull together something for Leap Day. The world is beautiful — other people are beautiful. Take time to tell those around you that you love them. Leap for it! Leapdayaction.org



WINTER IN AMERICA



October 24

London Anarchist Bookfair anarchistbookfair.org.uk

October 25 • 6 pm

Halloween Critical Mass Bike Ride - Dress up! Justin Herman Plaza San Francisco sfcriticalmass.org

October 31- November 1

Union for Democratic Communications conference - CSU East Bay, Hayward CA projectcensored.org

November 1

World Vegan Day www.worldveganday.org

November 8 • 8 pm

East Bay Bike Party - at a BART station to be announced 2nd Friday of each month

November 9-10

Boston Anarchist Bookfair bostonanarchistbookfair.org

November 12 • 7:30 pm

Paul Ortiz speaking on the African American & Latinx history of the US. 2727 College Ave Berkeley

November 15-17

Remembering the 30th Anniversary of the massacre at Central American University Fort Benning GA soaw.org

November 30 - December 1

Seattle Anarchist Bookfair Vera Project at Seattle Center 305 Harrison St seattleanarchistbookfair.net

December 5 • 730 pm

Silvia Federici speaking on Witches, Witch Hunting & Women for KPFA Benefit 2727 College Ave Berkeley

December 7 FREE

East Bay Alternative Book & Zine Fest - Omni Commons 4799 Shattuck Ave Oakland

December 8 • 10 - 6 pm

Howard Zinn Radical Bookfair 1125 Valencia St., San Francisco howardzinnbookfair.com

December 8 • 7pm

Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting / article brainstorm - Long Haul Infoshop, 3124 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA

December 10

Anniversary of Arab Spring Revolt - burn a couch

December 11 • 7:30 pm

KPFA Benefit w/ Michael Eric Dyson discusses Jay-Z: Made in America - 2324 Channing Way, Berkeley

December 14

Humboldt Anarchist Book Fair- Manila Community Center 1611 Peninsula Drive, Arcata CA

December 21-22 • 10-5

Craneway Craft Fair - KPFA benefit

January 1 • 3pm

Article submission deadline for Slingshot issue 131

February 25

Berkeley Mardi Gras

March 8

International Women's day

November 16

Flaring Forth Celebration - Holy Names University Oakland, CA

November 20 • 7:30 pm

Jeffery Sterling & Daniel Ellsberg KPFA Benefit - First Congressional Church of Berkeley 2345 Channing Way

November 29

BUY NOTHING DAY